The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 2, 1893.

The Week.

THE financial situation grows visibly worse from day to day. The $100,000,000 gold reserve that has remained intact from the 1st of January, 1879, has been really reduced, for although there is an apparent balance of free gold in the Treasury, it is due to a loan made by the city banks a short time since. This was a call loan. The lending banks have the power to take this gold back at any time, and, if they should exercise the power, the $100,000,000 of greenback reserve would drop to $98,000,000 or less. Moreover, the export of gold goes on, and is likely to continue until the Silver-Purchase Act is repealed. The London *Economist* of February 11 has a correct diagnosis of our ailment. "The exports of gold from the States," it says, "are the result of the currency inflation produced by the compulsory issue of notes by the Treasury in payment for the 4,500,000 ounces of silver it has to purchase each month under the Sherman Law." The *Economist* predicts that the Sherman Act will be repealed before long *because it must be*. Then, it adds, "not only will the gold shipments from the States cease, but a strong effort will be made to get back a portion of what has been lost."

The scornful comment of the London *Standard* on President Harrison's nerveless attitude regarding the financial situation is not without some justification. For a man who, a year ago, was doing so much by his public utterances to strengthen the sound-money element in his party and in the country, his failure to make any move at all in the face of an actual crisis is a great falling-off. Why did he not improve such an opportunity as he had in laying before Congress the report of the delegates to the Monetary Conference, to send in a vigorous message urging prompt action to avert impending financial disaster? But the *Standard* does him great injustice in comparing him to Nero fiddling while Rome was burning. There is nothing hilarious about the President. He and Secretary Foster are watching the dollars in the Treasury with unconcealed anxiety, and hoping against hope that March 4 will come without an actual crash. Then they propose to go out of power with their heads in the air and say: "There was no difficulty as long as *we* were in power. What could you expect from an incompetent Democratic Administration!"

Evidence accumulates that the Hawaiian revolution was a revolution of sugar by sugar and for sugar. We are credibly informed of one little circumstance which shows how it was long ago planned for. The Western Sugar Refining Company of San Francisco has a contract with all the leading Hawaiian planters, under the terms of which their sugar product is taken. This contract is very minute, and one of its careful details is an agreement that, in case any arrangement should be made whereby the United States should pay a bounty to the Hawaiian planters, the latter would not greedily take the whole of it, but give the Refining Company a share. Thus, if, as estimated, the annexation of Hawaii were to involve the payment of some $5,000,000 a year in sugar bounties, the far-seeing San Francisco gentlemen might come in for $2,500,000. Under these circumstances, their vehement patriotism is not difficult to account for.

In fact, one has only to turn to the official despatches of Minister Stevens to see that the revolution was carefully prepared, and prepared with an eye single to the money there was in it for the sugarmen. In the extracts given out from his despatches at the time the treaty was made public, the Minister refers to the terms of a foregoing despatch of his, numbered 74. This appears to have been sent to Washington before the overturn in Hawaii, and is thus doubly significant as showing that the sugar details of the annexation were under discussion before there was any revolution at all. Mr. Stevens says: "I still adhere firmly to the opinion expressed in my despatch 74, that the sugar bounty to be paid to the Hawaiian sugar-planters should be limited to six mills per pound, $12 per ton." The reason for this discrimination is that the Hawaiian planters get about twice the product to the acre that the Louisianians obtain; but how instructive it is to see the mercenary element thus put in the forefront of the whole business. The Islands contain thousands of Chinese and Kanakas, whose personal rights and the methods of governing whom present problems of the greatest difficulty. Never mind about them, say Minister Stevens and the Administration—we can trust to luck in all such respects; but there is the sugar bounty in question, and to that we must "adhere firmly."

Mr. Crammond Kennedy, in the columns of the Washington *Post*, draws attention to the situation of the Chinese inhabitants of the Hawaiian Islands under Mr. Harrison's proposed treaty of annexation. Many of these people are natives of the Islands and are subjects of that sovereignty, and hence are entitled to all the rights guaranteed to them by our treaties with the Islands. The treaty of 1850, now in force, gives to all Hawaiian subjects and to the citizens of the United States "the free and undoubted right to travel and to reside in the States of the two high contracting parties, subject to the same precautions of police which are practised towards the subjects or citizens of the most favored nation." But the new treaty of annexation provides:

> "The further immigration of Chinese laborers into the Hawaiian Islands is hereby prohibited until Congress shall otherwise provide. Furthermore, Chinese persons of the classes now or hereafter [*sic*] excluded by law from entering the United States will not be permitted to come from the Hawaiian Islands to other parts of the United States, and if so coming shall be subject to the same penalties as if entering from a foreign country."

This is a most extraordinary provision. "We propose," says Mr. Kennedy, "to annex the country in which those persons are now living as free people, and by the very treaty of annexation we prohibit them, on pain of imprisonment or deportation, or both, to enter the country that annexes them; and as to them in the very act of annexation we declare Hawaii to be a foreign country, although they were domiciled there and treated as human beings prior to annexation; and we thus visit upon people who have done us no harm the most grievous of pains and penalties."

If one is to judge of the Democratic situation by the news which the *Tribune* contains of the attitude of leading Democrats towards Mr. Cleveland, the latter will enter the White House on Saturday next almost without a political friend. He has, according to the exclusive information of the *Tribune*, hopelessly alienated both the Snapper and the Anti-Snapper wings of his party in this State; has thrown the Isaac Pusey Gray wing of the Democratic party in Indiana into a condition of profane wrath which is simply volcanic; has alienated the entire South, Southwest, Northwest, and Pacific Slope Democrats by his choice of Judge Gresham, and has even chilled the Mugwumps by refusing to take any of them into his Cabinet. Added to this, he has taken seven lawyers and only one business man as members of his Cabinet, though the *Tribune* itself manufactured a statement for him, entirely without his knowledge, that he intended to select only business men for office. The outlook is full of gloom, but we venture the opinion that, in spite of all these quarrels in the party, there will be a considerable number of Democrats in and about Washington on Saturday next.

The selection of Congressman Herbert of Alabama as Secretary of the Navy in the new Cabinet not only is an excellent thing in itself, but has an especial significance for its bearing upon the sectional issue. Mr. Herbert entered the Confederate ser-

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vice at the opening of the civil war, and served until he was disabled by a wound received in the battle of the Wilderness. He is now placed at the head of the department which controls the navy of the United States, and he is the first ex-Confederate to receive an appointment which places him in authority over either the military or naval branch of the Federal service. Grant admitted that the reunion of the States entitled Southern men to a share in the service of the Government which they had sought to overthrow when, in 1870, he appointed a Georgia ex-Confederate, Amos T. Akerman, Attorney-General. Seven years later, Hayes gave the Post-office Department to another ex-Confederate, David M. Key of Tennessee. Grant and Hayes appointed ex-Confederates Judges of United States District Courts, and Harrison has recently given a place on the Supreme bench to a Tennesseean who supported the Confederate side during the war. No ex-Confederate, however, has hitherto been given charge of either the War or Navy Department. Mr. Cleveland's selection of Mr. Herbert having received the hearty approval of Senator Chandler, the old bogey may be considered laid.

Concerning Mr. Olney, too, the new Attorney-General, there is nothing to be said which is not commendatory. He is a lawyer whom his own State has sought on two occasions to place upon its Supreme Court bench, regarding him as one of its sons most worthy of that honor. He declined the offer on both occasions, preferring to remain in private practice. It is said of him politically, that while he has never held public office, he is an old-time Democrat who has voted his party ticket in every election save when Gen. Butler was its candidate for Governor—an exception which of itself is a certificate of character. If any one wishes to realize the full strength of Mr. Cleveland's Cabinet, he has only to place its names side by side with those of the outgoing Cabinet. There is not a man in the new Cabinet who is suspected of having bought his portfolio by raising a campaign fund, as Wanamaker was known to have bought his, and there is not a man in it who has been selected from any other motive than the new President's belief that he would be useful to the country.

The decision of the Supreme Court of Kansas in favor of the Republican House apparently insures an early end of the long and bitter controversy which has been raging at the capital of that State, for it seems to be admitted that the Populists cannot hold their forces against the acceptance of this judgment. The weakness of the Populist side all along has been the unwillingness of the party to submit the issue to the courts. There is no other way of settling any controversy, citizens have been educated to seek and to accept such a settlement. The extraordinary feature of the Topeka proceedings during the past two months has been the readiness of so many of the Populists to reject all the teachings of experience and the traditions of history, and to substitute the rule of brute force. They have found at last that the heaviest battalions, to say nothing of justice and the courts, are on the other side, and they are only making a virtue of necessity in surrendering.

The veto of the Winter Racing Bill by Gov. Werts of New Jersey, and its prompt passage over his veto, by a corrupt Legislature, draws attention to a branch of gambling and social demoralization which menaces American civilization. The extraordinary effort put forth by the gamblers to pass this bill shows that betting on horses has become a regular trade, and not a mere incident to the racing season. Hence the desire to keep it up all the year round. Hence the necessity of finding some State which will allow brutes in human form to flog horses through snow and slush and over frozen ground, in order to furnish a basis for pool-rooms and betting in all the States of the Union. It is a fact, we believe, that such pool-rooms are now in full blast in all the States except California, being supplied with material for their operation by telegraph from Guttenberg. It is a fact, also, that multitudes of young men are enticed from the paths of honesty by the existence of these notorious dens in their neighborhoods, and that every day or two we read of some new case of pilfering, where the culprit has taken his employer's money in order to bet on the races, hoping to win by and by and pay it back. Of course the stoppage of winter racing, if it can be effected, is so much "to the good," but we can hardly expect to control the evil merely on the ground of humanity to horses. Pool-rooms ought to be suppressed by the exercise of every power in the State, and all the paraphernalia of public betting with them. The transmission of telegrams for gambling purposes should be suppressed in like manner. It would be Quixotic, perhaps, to seek to suppress racing for money; but it is very certain that whenever pool-rooms and public miscellaneous gambling on races are suppressed, the other evil will be reduced to its minimum.

Mr. Charles Dudley Warner took part in a hearing which occurred, a few days ago, before the Judiciary Committee of the Connecticut General Assembly, on the proposed Corrupt-Practices Act, and in the course of his remarks sustaining the bill he made some interesting and just observations on the moral side of the subject. Corruption, he said, does not lower politics alone; it lowers the entire community. He had heard of $30 being paid for a vote, which seemed to him rather a high figure, but the man who had paid it justified it by saying that the other side had offered the same voter $60, but he "felt sure of his man because he was such an honorable person." Mr. Warner said also that a friend had written him that the efforts of the South to prevent negro domination by the use of money had so demoralized society that, as a result, it was difficult to find young men who could be trusted. The truthfulness of this view of the case cannot be questioned. The free use of money in elections demoralizes not merely the men who use it, but the whole population. In Presidential campaigns, practically the entire membership of both great parties become so wrought up over the conflict that they are willing, and even eager, that their managers should have great sums of money with which to buy votes in order to win. The only way by which this dangerous infatuation or disease can be cured is by limiting the amounts which can be expended, and by forcing the publication of every dollar received and spent. When neither party can expend money save for legitimate purposes, explicitly defined, the sums spent by both will be very small.

There was a palpable lack of spirit in the Presidential hoisting of the American flag on a foreign steamer in this harbor on Washington's Birthday. The general air of dismalness pervading the exercises was not due to the depressing effects of the weather alone, but to a lurking sense on the part of the public and the performers that the whole thing was essentially a schoolboy affair. Mr. Harrison went through his part perfunctorily, was said to be "unusually grave," and was dumb before the repeated calls upon him for a speech. He may have been depressed by reflecting how different the occasion was from what it had been intended to make it—a celebration of a renewed lease of power to his party, with himself at its head, and the opening gun in a new campaign for subsidies. As things are, all that is left to be said to those who point to the event as a great day of triumph and glory for the country, is that they can have a similar day every week in the year by getting Congress to do for other steamship-owners what it did for the owners of the *New York* and the *Paris*—that is, repeal the Republican legislation which forbids them to hoist their own flag over their own property.

The *Tribune* objects to calling the shipping laws which prevent Americans from flying their flag over their own vessels, if built abroad, "Republican legislation." In its new-born zeal for emasculating and getting around those laws, it prefers to speak of them as "antiquated" statutes for which the Republican party is not "directly responsible," and out of

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which it stands ready to take the life at any time by further "statesmanlike compromises"—the elegant name it now gives to what it was denouncing as little short of treason a few years ago. But this excuse is not admissible. The Republican party is directly responsible for our obsolete shipping laws because it has withstood all attempts to repeal them. More than once within the past ten years we should have had free ships but for Republican opposition. As for the *Tribune* itself, in what a strange new world it has got itself by its rejoicing over American flags on foreign ships, may be seen by going no further back than September 7, 1889, when it had a powerful article condemning the very policy it now approves. To excuse its present awkwardness we quote what it then said:

> "If the commercial marine is to be restored, it should be American-built. . . . It would be a short-sighted policy for Congress to facilitate the purchase of third-rate steamships and worn-out hulks owned in foreign countries and thereby to crush the ship-building interests now struggling for existence. The free-registry demand is a delusion and a snare. *The American flag must float over American bottoms.*"

The same day that the nation was supposed to have gained new glory by raising the American flag on a foreign-built steamer, came the announcement that that flag had been bankrupted on a line of steamers where it had long proudly floated. For the light it throws upon the subsidy plan, the failure of the United States and Brazil Steamship Company is far more significant than the admission to American registry of the steamers of the Inman Line. The Brazil Line has been established for many years, has long had a subsidy of $100,000 a year from the Brazilian Government, has recently got a subsidy from the Argentine Government also for an extension of its route to the River Plate, and was coming in for certain payments out of the United States Treasury under the Postal Subsidy Act. Then, too, it was supposed to be doing an immense freight business with Brazil as a result of the reciprocity arrangement with that country. But now comes its President and says the business has been a losing one for years, mainly on account of the simple fact that American-built ships, even with their subsidies, could not compete with foreign ships. In fact, the company has been laying up its American ships and chartering foreign vessels for some time, though even that step has not saved it. If the Brazil Company is thus driven to the wall, the subsidy argument needs no other refutation.

The recent proclamations of President Harrison announcing important additions to the forest reserves on the Pacific Slope complete a series of notable public services in this direction, for which both the President and Secretary Noble deserve the heartiest commendation. Secretary Noble especially should be thanked by the whole country, for he has, from the beginning to the close of his official term, been the cordial friend and zealous promoter of every worthy scheme of forest preservation which it was in his power to aid. By his latest acts, made into law through the proclamations of the President, in accordance with powers conferred upon him by Congress in 1891, the Yosemite National Park has been enlarged by the addition of over 4,000,000 acres, or more than 6,000 square miles, lying south of and adjoining the present Park, and containing that portion of the Sierra Nevada Mountains which is pronounced by all authorities to be the most grandly beautiful in the United States. It has an elevation ranging from 3,000 to 15,000 feet, contains the highest point in the Union outside of Alaska, and includes the wonderful King's River Cañon and vast forests of the celebrated big trees, and of sugar-pine, cedar, and other valuable woods. All this has been made into a public park for all time, and, what is of great importance to California, the water supply of the San Joaquin Valley has been secured from destruction, and the new wealth which irrigation has brought to its arid lands is thus made permanent. This great reservation is only a part of Secretary Noble's achievements. He has secured three others, in the States of California and Washington, which comprise 2,500,000 acres, and still another of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, comprising 1,900,000, making a grand total of all lands reserved in the forest uplands of the Pacific Slope of no less than 8,500,000 acres.

A remarkable case of distress, growing out of the demonetization of silver, was mentioned by Senator Jones in his address before the Bimetallic League in Washington on Thursday. As reported in the *Herald*, the Senator said that "16 per cent. of the population of London was living upon charity, and yet the English Commissioners asked the United States delegates to agree in their estimation of the value of silver, and adopt the policy that brought about this wretched condition." If 16 per cent. of the population of London are living upon charity, of course they ought to have a little silver mixed with their porridge. But why has nobody discovered the true cause of the poverty of London before? The demonetization of silver in England took place in 1816. It is a fact susceptible of easy proof that the proportion of Londoners supported by charity was greater before 1816 than it is to-day. But why does not Mr. Jones cast his eyes in the direction of India? There, if anywhere, the greatest prosperity and freedom from poverty ought to exist, because there the people have silver in the greatest abundance. It is the same way in Mexico, but in that country the people seem to be not over-fond of it.

The new London Chamber of Arbitration has many commendable features. Leading members of the various trades and professions have lent their names and services to it, so that any dispute between employers and workingmen, or controversies over the proper interpretation or fulfilment of contracts, can at once be submitted, at very small cost, to men who are experts in the matter. The parties may themselves select from one to three arbitrators on the list, or leave the choice to the Chamber itself. Evidence can be taken on oath, and the decision arrived at is as binding as a verdict in court. Every precaution is taken to avoid delay. The length of time to be given to each case is fixed in advance and is rigidly adhered to. Counsel may be present, but all "making the coort ring" is discouraged by the fact that all hearings are private, and by the disinclination of business men, anxious to get at the essential facts, to waste time listening to windy oratory. Resort to the Chamber is, of course, voluntary, although the law courts have power to refer some cases to it; but its operations begin so favorably that it is hoped that the custom will grow of putting a clause in all contracts agreeing to submit to the Chamber any differences which may arise.

A good part of the French soreness over English influence and activity in Egypt comes from the feeling that the statesmen of France let slip a golden opportunity in the early eighties. A writer in the last *Revue Bleue* recalls the interpellations made in Parliament in 1882, when the Minister for Foreign Affairs distinctly declined to station French soldiers in Egypt. That means of protecting French interests in Egypt, he declared, the Government would never employ. This called out a vigorous protest from Gambetta, who said he did not know whether Parliament would sanction such a policy, but one thing he did know, that it was a fatal revelation of French weakness and indecision. "All the English will have to do now is to bluster at you to make you agree to anything." The same writer, M. Gabriel Bonvalot, recalls with much chagrin the fact that when the Khedive, about 1875, offered to sell to France 177,000 shares of Suez Canal stock, the Ministry of the day refused to buy, leaving to the English Government the rare chance of getting the shares for $20,000,000. What a bargain the investment turned out was shown in a speech by Mr. Goschen in 1891: the Government had got 5 per cent. on its money every year, and meanwhile the value of the stock had so increased that, if the rate of advance kept on till 1894, the whole could be sold for $95,000,000. This clear profit of $75,000,000 on the operation was more than enough, as Mr. Goschen pointed out, to meet all the loans made for the establishment of all of England's coaling stations.

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THE HAWAIIAN FIASCO.

MR. HARRISON'S Administration has entered upon its last week with the certainty that failure will overtake its final effort to divert attention from the general gloom and feebleness of its expiring hours. It is agreed on all hands that there will be no snap annexation of the Hawaiian Islands. Every day's delay has weakened the treaty before the people and the Senate, until now, according to Senator Pettigrew, not more than one-third of the Senate is in favor of annexation. This was inevitable after the original failure to put the treaty through under the Jingo whip and spur. The only semblance of arguments originally advanced in favor of annexation consisted of vague appeals to national glory and hostility to England. But England has shown a most provoking indifference to the whole affair, and as the glory was mostly to be won from vexing and triumphing over her, her calm unconcern has robbed the enterprise of all its glamour. The assured failure of the precipitate treaty is accepted with perfect satisfaction by the country at large.

Some belated reasons have, indeed, been brought forward, as the glory and England-hating argument has fallen into evident collapse, but they will not bear examination. Senator Morgan, for example, left behind him as he sailed for Europe on Saturday the opinion that annexation meant the immediate doubling or quadrupling of our trade in the Pacific. He did not attempt to show how such a result was to come about, and unfortunately he is now on the high seas, beyond the reach of curious questions. If he were only at hand, we should press him to explain how annexation would enable us to sell a single dollar's worth to any country on earth which we cannot now sell, or buy a dollar's worth which we cannot now buy. Certainly the doubling of trade would not take place in the Islands themselves, as we now have a practical monopoly of their commerce and are certain to retain it in the future. And we do not believe that the American flag in the middle of the Pacific will make American goods either any cheaper or any more desirable to the inhabitants of Australia or China and Japan, or will lower freight charges or do any of the other things that create a foreign market. Charles Lever has a character in one of his novels who is said to be very "'cute in thrade," but he could not have been a circumstance to the man who could quadruple our trade by annexing some islands that would prove a serious drain on our Treasury, as well as furnish us problems of government which we have no experience to enable us to solve.

What may be called the politico-naval argument receives endorsement in the March *Forum* from the pen of so weighty an authority as Capt. A. T. Mahan. He writes almost purely as a naval tactician, and makes out the Hawaiian Islands to be of great strategical importance, supposing a naval war of tremendous proportions were to break out. All this may freely be admitted without allowing it to be a reason of any force whatever in favor of annexation. In the first place, it would be a departure from all that is traditional, and all that is best or necessary, in the policy of this country to make any plans whatever for such a contingency as Capt. Mahan contemplates. If the question were fairly to be put before the people whether they desired to embark upon the vast expenditures and cultivation of a warlike spirit involved in making the United States a naval Power of the first rank, it would be answered in a negative like the voice of many waters. Then, as a matter of fact, whatever privileges we may desire in the way of a coaling station or naval stores on the Sandwich Islands, we either have now at our disposal or can have for the asking.

The truth is, that Capt. Mahan's argument, like so many others, is advanced in favor of annexation when all the real advantages it aims at can be as fully and more safely obtained in other ways. Everything that can be said of the importance of our having a predominating influence on the Hawaiian Islands is urged as if it were conclusive for annexation; in fact, it is wholly certain that we shall have a predominating influence there if things go on as they are, or if we assume a simple protectorate. If, by the latter method, we can get all the advantages, with few or none of the tremendous drawbacks of annexation, why rush headlong into so grave an experiment? Happily, the good sense of the country has made itself felt in the Senate, and it is now settled that the Hawaiian question will receive the deliberate consideration which its gravity merits.

President Harrison should have foreseen all this and spared himself and his party the popular rebuke which his undignified haste has called out. If Gen. Grant was not able, at the height of his power, to put the San Domingo treaty through the Senate, it was more than audacious for Mr. Harrison to try to annex off-hand a group of islands which are not nearly so valuable as San Domingo in either population or area or resources or proximity to this country. It was idle for him to think to bend the bow of Ulysses. What he might have given his mind and his time to was the financial condition of the country, which his Administration has made so critical. He might have listened to those Republican papers which have been urging him to send in a forcible message on the finances calling for prompt action. In that way he would have made it possible to say of him that nothing in his Administration became him like the leaving of it. But to let the Treasury drift into bankruptcy, and spend his last week of office in an attempt to put through a treaty which was discredited from the first by the manner of its negotiation, is far from being fitted to strike the popular imagination. Whatever of mock-heroic there might have been in President Harrison's attitude if he had succeeded, becomes petty enough with his flat failure.

NAVAL ADMINISTRATION.

NEARLY every maritime Power finds from time to time that the administration of its navy is a task fraught with difficulties, and our experience has formed no exception to the rule. There is no department of the Government in which bad administration is so likely to be perpetuated as in that of the navy, because there is none about which the public at large is so unqualified to judge. If the mail service is inefficient; if officers of the Treasury Department fail in their duty; if the customs are not collected; if the affairs of the interior are conducted without any definable policy, the public soon finds it out, and demands a remedy in tones which are sure to be heard. But nearly all the operations of the Navy Department can be conducted in the most extravagant way, year after year, without the public knowing much about it. Again, if a new Secretary, on his advent into office, looks at the Navy Register, he will find that there are twelve hundred or more commissioned officers on the navy list, all highly educated men, whose duties and qualifications are of so technical a character that he must find it difficult to pass an independent judgment upon them. Going into details, he will soon find that these officers have no permanent field of duty prescribed by law or regulations, and that it therefore devolves upon him to determine what each shall do. About half of the line officers of the navy, in fact, are constantly engaged in one of a hundred fields of duty, too varied to be enumerated, determined wholly by the will of the Secretary for the time being. Hence it is impossible to frame any general code of regulations which shall govern the officer in all these varied fields. In the War Department, the army regulations have been growing generation after generation, and an officer is so habituated to them that his first thought on taking any new command is to see that proper regulations are devised and enforced. But should a naval commanding officer contract any such habit, except on board ship, his efforts would result in failure.

It is needless to say that a Secretary of the Navy, especially a new one, must depend very largely upon the opinions of others in judging of the duty which his Department should undertake and the functions it should perform. If naval officers in general have a bias, we may expect to see it reflected in the opinions and policy of their head. It does not require very profound study to see that at least a strong tendency towards such a bias must grow out of our modern system of naval education. In former times, a young man became an officer of the navy because of a strong taste for a sea life; even a taste for a rov-

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ing life was not a disqualification. The case is now very different. When a boy is nominated to the Naval Academy by a member of Congress, it is without any respect to his love for the sea; in a large majority of cases it would be impossible to apply any such test, for most of the nominees have never been on the ocean long enough to know whether they would like it or not. To an educated man, accustomed to the refinements of a home, the quarters of a man-of-war can have but few attractions. We must not, therefore, be surprised if sea duty is looked upon by a naval officer as the most unpleasant to which he can be assigned, and from which he would gladly escape were it not for the exigencies of the service to which he belongs. There is no regulation requiring sea service, except in some of the lower grades; nothing to prevent a man passing from lieutenant to admiral without ever seeing a ship, except the prejudice of an examining board, which would not, in such a case, be satisfied of the professional qualifications of the seeker for promotion. Thus arises a tendency on the part of the navy to make as many shore places as possible for its officers; and this again leads to an exertion of political influence very liable to endanger the integrity of the service.

Here we find a feature which is, we believe, peculiar to the American Navy. Its officers are organized into two associations, each having its paid attorney, to promote its interests before Congress and the Department. The operations of these associations are, of course, secret. It is a matter of rumor, having a more or less probable foundation, that they have more than once sought even to influence the appointment of a Secretary of the Navy. Of the two, that of the line is the stronger, the more compact, and the more influential. But the very existence of either is an anomaly which, it is safe to say, would not be tolerated in a military arm of any government but our own.

It will be interesting to compare this state of things with the well-known facts of history. The peculiar ideas of administration entertained by Gen. Grant would naturally be seen in their worst aspect in any imperfectly organized department of the Government. His first Secretary, now remembered only by the stroke of humor with which his selection was made, not only knew nothing of naval affairs, but was incapacitated by age and infirmity from learning anything about them. A distinguished admiral was therefore detailed to show him what to do. Admiral Porter's remarkable ability as a naval commander was rivalled only by his incapacity for civil administration; and the evils of power without responsibility were never more strikingly shown than during the brief term in which Mr. Secretary Borie officiated as his chief clerk.

The Robeson administration, the longest since the civil war, is too fresh in our memories to need description. It will suffice to say that Mr. Robeson left the Department a collection of eight nearly independent bureaus, without any adequate control by the central power. The control of employment in the navy-yards by political bosses, and the repairing of ships without any one knowing exactly why, were among the familiar results of this absence of system, which itself naturally grew out of the theory that the Department needed no other than a nominal head, and might therefore be managed by the politician of the Cabinet.

Mr. Whitney was the first Secretary to propose a serious remedy. His plan had the fundamental defect that, instead of strengthening the central power, it divided it up in such a way that the head of the Department would speedily have become the simple executive of a board of naval officers. The principal change would have been a reduction of the number of bureaus from eight to five or three, and a wider recognition of the responsibility of each. More profound consideration would probably have led Mr. Whitney to the conclusion that a system which stood the severest of all tests in proving efficient during a protracted naval war, could not be so defective as it seemed, and that the administration was more at fault than the system itself.

His successor never devised or laid down any comprehensive plan of reorganization, so that his views can be inferred only from his acts. His policy seems to have been a very simple one of strengthening the central authority. He has corrected one feature which must have seemed an anomaly when compared with other departments of the Government. Since 1867 the Department had had no Assistant Secretary. When the Secretary went out to lunch, he left nobody authorized to speak for him or to conduct any but purely routine business. Neither political influence nor personal favoritism could have had anything to do with the promotion of Mr. Soley from the post of Librarian to that of Assistant Secretary. As former Professor of English Studies and International Law at the Naval Academy, and the author of numerous works on naval education, history, and policy, as well as by practical experience in a subordinate position, he was exceptionally qualified for a place which required an intimate personal knowledge of the details of administration in the Department. Altogether, Mr. Tracy has done everything that was possible in the term of four years to raise the administration of his department from the low estate into which it had fallen; and we can wish for his successor nothing better than that his efforts shall meet with an equal measure of success.

THE AFFAIRS OF READING.

THE history of the Reading Railroad is one long story of managers who have been unwilling to face the actual situation. The reports of the company under the Presidency of Mr. Gowen form a series of pleadings that the future would yield profits though the years reviewed by him showed only losses. The reorganization of 1886 was followed by the discharge of the receivers, the property reverting to the stockholders in January, 1888. Weighed down by the theory that the reorganization must be shown to be successful, the new managers paid income interest, though no such contingent money ought to have been distributed. Mr. McLeod was made President in January, 1891. During that year, through newspapers and pamphlets, the company reiterated the story of its unfortunate position in owning nearly one-half of all the anthracite lands, while it mined less than one-quarter of the output. Mr. Gowen's policy had forced upon Reading the ownership of unused coal lands, while the company's financial troubles had kept the market for its coal restricted, its rivals meanwhile building extensions into new consuming territory. Under these circumstances the lease of the Lehigh Valley in January, 1892, was certainly commendable.

Having thus arrived at a point where the future revealed possibilities, the managers of Reading ought to have used their acquired strength to put before the public, or at least before themselves, the truth about the company's situation. But, instead of entering upon a policy which would have saved the company from bankruptcy, though at the expense of immediate returns to bond and stockholders, these gentlemen misled the public, and possibly themselves also, into the belief that a permanency of net earnings, which could be won only after years of effort, was achieved by virtue of the leases; whereas the value of the leases lay only in the fact that they opened the easy door to reform.

It is known in the coal trade that for many years the condition of the Reading mines has been below the limit of profitable working. The chronic lack of money has always prevented needed improvements. It was possible a year ago for Reading to have stopped its more costly and wasteful collieries, and to have made up that amount of coal or increased it by allowing individual operators to open new mines on its idle lands at a royalty to the Coal and Iron Company. This would have given a net income to that company at a saving in expense, while tiding affairs over till such time as capital could be found for necessary work on its own collieries. Mr. McLeod acknowledges now that a good part of his engine and car equipment is almost worthless. He ought to have made it his first care that his road should be in a position to do business and to do it economically. Of course, no contingent interest ought to have been paid till the company was in first-class condition throughout. Yet a year ago, when the annual report announced with a flourish a surplus of $1,864,000 applicable to pay-

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ments on first and second preference bonds, partly because of an alleged saving in operating expenses of $724,000 brought about by improvements, the balance sheet showed an increase in debt of $3,400,000, contracted for new equipment which went in part to replace old and worn-out cars and engines, and which was rightly chargeable to operating expenses. Last year, as well as this, the income interest declared due was purely a paper profit and had to be borrowed. To pay such fictitious profits was suicidal.

The defenders of the McLeod policy—if any such there be—may bring against this view the clause in the preference mortgage which, it is supposed, compels a division of the surplus. This somewhat famous clause is bad as a matter of policy, and was doubtless inserted to please English holders. The language is as follows: "The words 'net earnings' shall be held to signify the sum remaining . . . after deducting therefrom all the expenses of maintaining, operating, renewing, replacing, and repairing its said property and premises, including such reasonable improvements thereof and additions thereto as shall be necessary for the safe, proper, and economical operation of the same."

It is clear enough that the Reading managers would have been within their legal right in charging against earnings all the sums necessary to replace their worn-out equipment and to put the whole property in reasonably good condition, even had such replacements required all the contingent income dividends for years. It was not this clause in the preference bonds, but the desire to keep up prices in the Street for further operations, which wrecked the Reading. The reaching out of the Reading group of men into New England could never, for commercial reasons alone, be successful. It seems incredible that any one having business capacity should have fixed his eyes on Boston and Maine and have overlooked the deplorable condition of affairs at home. There is the best authority for saying that the departmental management of the Reading is in great confusion, and that the long-continued blocking of traffic on the road reflects severely upon the operating officers, upon the system or lack of system employed, and upon the neglect of the high officials to spend the necessary money and devise a remedy. Yet money was seemingly plenty for expensive terminals and other large projects. The public may never know the real condition of Reading affairs, just as the managers are reported not to have known the extent of their own floating liabilities; but one thing is clear—the policy actually pursued could end only in disaster. The sole possible explanation of this unfortunate bankruptcy, which it is to be feared may cause investors at home and abroad for a time to regard all railroad companies with suspicion, is the determination of a set of Philadelphia speculators to enrich themselves by grasping everything. A confiding public, blind to warning facts, once more suffers for the folly or sins of others.

THE GLADSTONIAN PROSPECTS.

THE debate in the English House of Commons about the release of the dynamiters brought to a very lame and impotent conclusion one of the most damaging of all the charges made against the Gladstone Ministry after it came into office. This charge was—and it was made in the most open and truculent manner—that the Gladstonians had come into office under a solemn treaty with the Irish Home Rulers, by which all the Irish dynamiters and outrage men, fourteen in number, were to be released as the price of Irish support in the House of Commons. This excited the utmost horror at Tory dinner-tables and in Tory smoking-rooms. Nobody was surprised that such a wicked old man as Mr. Gladstone should enter into such an arrangement, but how, people asked themselves, could such an austere person as John Morley and such a rising statesman as Mr. Asquith be a party to it? The *Spectator* mourned over it bitterly, and Mr. Chamberlain was at a loss for words to stigmatize it fitly.

When, therefore, Mr. Morley liberated some of the men who had been concerned in a riot caused by an attempt to arrest a priest when leaving his church-door, in the midst of his congregation, and in which a police officer was killed, the Conservatives declared that the execution of the treaty had begun. The provocation in that case was great, for the priest was much beloved, and his arrest on Sunday at his church was simply a bit of the unnecessary violence and brutality infused into criminal proceedings in Ireland for purposes of intimidation, as part and parcel of Mr. Balfour's policy. The liberated men, therefore, had undoubtedly been sufficiently punished; it was not to their liberation *per se* that objection was taken, but to their liberation as part and parcel of something far worse. When, a little later, Mr. Asquith liberated Callan and Daly, two outrage men, Conservative indignation reached its climax. It was awful, they said; something unparalleled in its wickedness. No British Minister had ever done such a thing before. But what else could we expect from such an old man as the Grand Old Man?

At last the time came to explain, and Mr. Asquith has used his opportunity mercilessly. It turns out that Callan was liberated under a decision of Mr. Mathews, his Tory predecessor, and that there was no proof whatever connecting Daly with dynamite, nor proof of any offence against him which everybody connected with his case did not consider amply punished by the eight and a half years' imprisonment he had undergone. As regards the rest of the fourteen, the dynamiters proper, Mr. Asquith explained in a lucid speech that there was no intention, and never had been any intention, of liberating them, and that so long as he was in office no mercy would ever be shown to offenders of this kind. Mr. Balfour thereupon loaded him with compliments, and, in behalf of himself and his party, withdrew and apologized for the injurious suspicions to which they had given expression touching "the treaty," and the Ministry were enabled to resist a motion of Mr. Redmond, the Parnellite, in favor of amnesty, by a very large majority, while nothing whatever has been heard of a long-threatened motion of Mr. Chamberlain's about the Gweedore offenders.

In this and other successes of a similar character, due to overhasty onslaughts of the various shades of opposition, the Ministry have had majorities considerably above the legitimate forty with which they took office, and which was to melt away, the Opposition said, as soon as Parliament met. It has not melted away, and has apparently increased, owing partly, the Opposition says, to the inefficiency of their "whips," who do not display sufficient activity in bringing up their men. Another explanation is that too much of the work of the whips has been left to Mr. Chamberlain and his son; and though the wandering Tories are very willing to accept the support of the Chamberlain family in the House, they are not willing to be led against the enemy by them, and consequently do not respond readily. The division on the Church Disestablishment Bill for Wales showed a Government majority of nearly sixty. Moreover, the two latest bye-elections prove that what the *Spectator* calls "the customary reaction against the party in power," has already been checked. The general result has been a considerable revival of Liberal confidence, and a very great abatement of Tory exaltation, and a much greater disposition to rely on the House of Lords for the defence of the Empire against Gladstone. The prospects now appear to be that the Home-Rule Bill will pass in the Commons without much difficulty, for the closure makes the old-fashioned obstruction impossible, and Gladstone is exhibiting a youthful strength and vivacity amazing to both friends and foes.

THE HOME-RULE BILL.

LONDON, February 18, 1893.

ALL but seven years of political turmoil, coercion, and imprisonments have passed since Mr. Gladstone introduced his first home-rule scheme. On its defeat by the combined forces of Conservatism, Liberal-Unionism, and Irish Ascendancy, many confidently predicted that the question was finally disposed of. Lord Salisbury's Government would, by wise concessions to the necessities of Irish local administration, remove all excuse for the demand of home rule, and, in any case, his advanced age precluded the likelihood of Mr. Gladstone being again in a position to introduce a second such measure. Home rule, in fact, was dead.

All these anticipations have been belied. The years have somehow passed, and Mr. Gladstone's intellect remains unimpaired; his grasp of affairs is as vigorous, his exposition of great

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principles as luminous as ever. Nay, home rule has escaped worse dangers seven years ago unforeseen. Mr. Parnell and his lieutenants have in the interval been tried on a charge of complicity with murder. The acquittal was by the upper classes of these countries accepted with reluctance. Mr. Parnell was esteemed as dangerous as ever until involved in the disgrace of the divorce case. His former maligners then suddenly awoke to the fact that he was the man to bet their money on, and that, after all, he was a gentleman compared to those who abjured his leadership owing to his guilt and subsequent conduct. Now, "Parnellism and Crime" are forgotten. Mr. Pigott and Mr. Walter, Mr. Smith and Mr. Parnell are no more. The Irish Nationalist party have come victorious out of a contest with their former associates, who, in revenge for Mr. Parnell having destroyed himself, desired also the destruction of the hopes of Ireland. Home-Rulers, after a fiercely contested election in Ireland, still form 78 per cent. of the total representation. In Scotland and Wales home rule continues to hold its advanced position, while in England its position has improved. Thus, on every account, was the scene in the House of Commons last Monday among the most striking ever there presented. In this assembly, the oldest and greatest deliberative body in the world, the mother of so many Parliaments, ennobled and strengthened by recent reforms, Christian, Jew, and Buddhist sat together; labor representatives, fresh from the mine, the plough, and the forecastle, occupied positions of perfect equality with millionaire princes; and men who, for participation in revolutionary movements, had suffered long terms of penal servitude, sat near some who had initiated their indictment. Moreover, not one member could really be suspected of complicity in practices such as within the past few months have disgraced other deliberative bodies abroad.

You will have been already deluged with minute descriptions of the occasion and particulars of the bill. Mr. Gladstone based his claim for its acceptance upon great principles, the necessity for real union, the impossibility of continuing to govern by coercion. In 1886 we appeared at the parting of the ways, when it was necessary to decide between conceding local government to Ireland and maintaining a coercive system. At present we were in an advanced position on the same lines—a Conservative Government with an overwhelming majority having meanwhile proved itself unable to concede a tithe of local self-government, and having, moreover, for the first time in the unhappy relations of the countries, riveted upon Ireland a perpetual Coercion Act, a perpetual badge of her political inferiority and subjection. These were not the terms on which the so-called Union was accomplished. More than ninety years' experience had proved the impossibility of maintaining a real union on the present foundation. We must review the work of 1800, retaining and strengthening essentials, altering or discarding what has proved undesirable. If imperial unity be inviolate, so must the nationality of Ireland be respected. Never before have I heard a peroration of greater force and feeling:

"If this is to end the matter, I think dispassionate men would say the sooner it is ended the better. The sooner should we stamp and seal the deed which is to efface all former animosities, and open an era, as we believe, of peace and good-will. The sooner it is done the better, but there are matters which human vision—at least my human vision—is hardly equal to penetrate. But for all this, I must say, on my own part, I never will and I never can be a party to bequeathing to my country a continuance of this heritage of discord which has been handed down from generation to generation, with hardly a momentary interruption through seven centuries—this heritage of discord and all the evils that have followed in its train. Sir, I wish to have no part or lot in that process. It would be a misery to me if I had foregone or omitted in these closing years any measure possible for me to take towards upholding and promoting the cause which I believe to be the cause not of one party or one nation or another, but of all parties and of all nations inhabiting these islands. And to these nations, viewing them as I do, with all their vast opportunities under a living union for power and happiness—to these nations, I say: 'Let me entreat you—if it were with my latest breath I would entreat you—to let the dead bury the dead, to cast behind you every recollection of bygone evils, and to cherish, to love, to sustain one another through all vicissitudes of human affairs in the times that are to come.'"

Here, indeed, was statesmanship of the highest order. Propositions regarding the integrity of the Empire and the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament were listened to with enthusiastic approval by men who had long struggled against such integrity and such supremacy, believing them to be inconsistent with the recognition of Irish nationality. Tears were in the eyes of some present who for years had suffered the severest forms of penal servitude in the attempt to establish an independent Irish republic.

The bill will, I confidently anticipate, satisfy the sober judgment of the Irish people and meet the support of their representatives. True, it means not separation, but closer, more living union; and yet the United Irishmen, the Young Irelanders, and the Fenians sought separation, because to them appeared impossible the attainment of Irish self-government on any other terms. True, it means no repeal of the Union, no restoration of that Constitution which Grattan and the patriots of 1782 declared essential to the dignity of Ireland, and to whose reëstablishment alone O'Connell's efforts, during the memorable Repeal struggle, were directed. Yet the measure satisfies the aspirations of men who look back with pride on their own and their forerunners' stand for separation and repeal. Modern greater enlightenment, with Mr. Gladstone as its exponent, enables the Irish people to accept such a settlement without in any way dissociating themselves in sentiment from past struggles. "The thoughts of men have widened with the process of the suns." A constitution better than that of 1782, and a wider nationality than that striven for by Tone and Emmet, opens before us. Actual participation in the affairs of Parliament has had two apparently conflicting effects on the Irish members, and through them on the people they represent. We have come to realize the extent to which the highest dignity and happiness of Ireland are bound up with and form a part of those of the Empire, and the possibilities of influence and usefulness in world-wide affairs from which we should be excluded under a narrower form of nationality. Many of us have learned even to take a certain pride in the traditions and institutions of the Imperial Parliament. On the other hand, we are by hourly and daily experience more fully convinced than ever that this Parliament is incapable of legislating for the internal affairs of our own country. Mr. Gladstone, in his bill, strikes chords bringing these apparently conflicting tendencies of thought into unison.

The opposition, so far as it has developed, is being put forth on the narrowest lines and without any great guiding principles. Arguments based upon the measure leading to the disintegration of the Empire are not likely to prevail, since the bill centres more firmly than ever all that holds the Empire together in the Imperial Parliament. Arguments based on its meaning repeal of the Union are not likely to prevail, when all the dangers of double sovereignty which rendered the Union insecure before 1800 are specially provided against. As to fears of the oppression of minorities in Ireland, it is provided against by a proposed upper chamber to be elected by those minorities; moreover, a veto upon Irish legislation would rest with the British Ministry. Mr. Balfour's speech was essentially poor and narrow. He showed the spirit that animated himself and his party when, in introducing his scheme of local government for Ireland, he declared it was often wiser to do a stupid thing that had been done before than a wise one that had not been done before. His bearing regarding this proposal for reconciliation between nations which have never been really united, is illustrated by his statement that the present relations between the countries leave nothing to be desired, and by the astounding assertion that great States are in these days built up, not by the conciliation, but by the destruction, of smaller ones. Mr. Chamberlain's was the only really formidable speech on the opposition side in the four days' debate which followed Mr. Gladstone's introduction and Mr. Balfour's denunciation of the bill. Mr. Bryce, Mr. Sexton, Mr. Blake, and Mr. Morley contributed the weightiest utterances in support. There was singular force in the almost weird summing up of the Irish Chief Secretary's speech:

"But in all these arguments as to the effect of Irish legislation upon the power of this country, honorable gentlemen seem to forget that there is no reason why the safety and greatness of the Empire are incompatible with the happiness of all those who live in it. All the arguments against this bill, except those, perhaps, used by the right honorable gentleman, Mr. Courtney, have dwelt upon the assumption that Ireland is a constant, perpetual, and irreconcilable enemy. We accept no such proposition. I for one will never accept it. When I last stood at this box to speak on a Home-Rule Bill, I warned the House that if they rejected that bill, as they did, they must not think that the Irish sphinx would gather up her rags and immediately depart from our midst. That prophecy has come true. It is as true to-night as it was seven years ago. It is because I believe as firmly now as I believed then, that we shall thus only exorcise this evil spirit in Ireland and between Ireland and England, that I ask this House to allow us to introduce this bill."

D. B.

A NEW GALLERY FOR LONDON.

LONDON, February 18, 1893.

I THOUGHT, when the opening of a new gallery in London was announced, that it would prove an event best passed over in silence. London already has too many galleries and far too little to show in them. But now that the Grafton, as it is called, has, after many delays, prepared its first exhibition, it promises to exert such a healthy influence in the English art world that it refuses to be altogether ignored.

It is not only that it seems to offer a refuge to men whose individuality bars the gates of the Royal Academy against them—it is worth noting that only two Academicians, Mr. Watts and Mr. Orchardson, are among its contributors; this, after all, was nominally the object of both the Grosvenor and the New Galleries, and, really, of the New English Art Club. But the Grafton presents two special features which distinguish it from all other galleries, and which, if the directors persevere as they

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have begun, will make it a powerful factor for good. These features are the prominence given to modern Continental painters who are recognized as masters by all true artists, and the large space reserved for the younger Scotchmen, or the Glasgow school, who are honored and praised whenever they exhibit abroad, but who are practically unknown at home.

To discuss, or describe, the canvases exhibited by foreign artists would here be more than useless. In the first place, many—as, for instance, the pastels by Degas, the studies of a girl by Louis Picard, which were the glory of last year's Champ-de-Mars, the mystical flights and tiny landscapes by Khnopff, the technical wonders by Segantini—have either been seen elsewhere too recently or would require a chapter to themselves; while, on the other hand, the examples selected hardly do justice to men like Alfred Stevens and Besnard, Roll and Gervex, Uhde and Liebermann, Thaulow and Zorn. And, in the second place, it is not so much the merit of individual works which is now notable, as the collective presence of these men in a London gallery—an English understudy, as it were, of the Palais des Beaux-Arts. Indeed, so closely has the Champ-de-Mars been followed that Americans, like Dannat and Melchers, hitherto unrepresented in London, have been included among the foreign contributors. It is true that an occasional Degas, an occasional Khnopff, an occasional Von Uhde has been seen in other London shows; but never hitherto have such a number of the men who have revolutionized art on the Continent been gathered together in a large and fashionable English gallery. The bewilderment of the older generation of critics on press day, the hopeless inadequacy of the majority of criticisms published in the big London dailies the next morning, were proofs, if proofs were needed, of the startling revelation their methods seem to the average Englishman. Now that the much-hated, much-dreaded French art—for in England all Continental work belongs under this heading—has appeared in an English stronghold, one waits curiously to see what effect, if any, it may have on the English artist.

I have no intention to enter more into detail about the many paintings that come from Glasgow; I want rather to record the fact that, at last, the painters have received in London the recognition which is their due. They represent all that is best and healthiest and strongest in contemporary British art, but it has been well-nigh impossible for them to find a London gallery in which to show their work. In America I fancy even their names are not known. Strange as it may seem, Glasgow, of all towns, has produced by far the most artistic modern school in Great Britain. Probably it was because of the absence of artistic atmosphere in that commercial city, until the coming of these younger men, that they, in their student days, went to Paris. When they returned, their work was distinguished, not only by the influence of French art, but by an unmistakable character of its own. The few who saw their pictures could not fail to appreciate their importance. But the great thing was to get them seen by the many. At the last exhibition, given at the Grosvenor, when some novelty was needed to take the places of Burne-Jones and his followers, who had just seceded to the New Gallery, the Glasgow men were introduced, but not by any means adequately, to the English public. The next year the Grosvenor was closed, and they were adrift again. Several of them had exhibited with the New English Art Club, but the growing determination of a little inner group to run that Club for their own benefit gradually alienated the Scotchmen. Once Guthrie's pastels were hung at Dowdeswell's; later, Lavery had a one-man show at Goupil's. But it was not until I went to the International Exhibition at Munich, in the summer of 1891, that I had a chance to see a fairly representative collection of their work. There was then no possibility of ignoring or underrating its force and originality. Thanks to them, the British rooms were much the most striking and the most interesting in a show to which many of the leading Frenchmen and Germans, Americans and Scandinavians contributed. Their pictures were characterized by a technical vigor, an individuality and freshness of observation, and a glory of color not often rivalled in modern times, and seldom surpassed. And these are the qualities which now give distinction to the canvases hung in the Grafton, which are to be found in the portraits of Guthrie (unfortunately not in the most ambitious) and Lavery and Melville; in the landscapes of Paterson and Walton, and again of Melville; in the more frankly decorative arrangements of Roche and Hornel and Henry. None of them seems to lose sight of the fact that the chief end of picture-making is decoration, but, of all, the three last named are those who most excel as decorators. I can never see the daring, dexterous experiments in brilliant scarlets and golds by Hornel and Henry, the more refined and subtle harmonies in pale blues and greens and grays by Roche, without wishing that, like Veronese in Venice of old, like Puvis in Paris to-day, they were given the chance to carry out their designs on large wall spaces, in palace or cathedral, in town hall or museum. I do not know if the Glasgow men are sending to Chicago, but if they are, I am certain that they will make a sensation there, as they did in Munich.

It is only to point out these two novel and promising features at the Grafton Gallery that I have written. Otherwise, I must have mentioned at once the stately, beautiful Lady Meux, an arrangement in black and silver, by Whistler, the lovely little harmony in yellow and white by Albert Moore, and a dozen and more sketches and studies and landscapes by some of the younger Englishmen. But even to refer merely to the good would be misleading. To give a fair idea of the new gallery, it must be admitted that its first exhibition has its drawbacks as well as its merits. Despite the prominence allowed to Scotchmen and foreigners of note, plenty of room has been made for mediocrities. Beside a Whistler is placed a Shannon; beneath an exquisite little Khnopff, a David Murray; an Orrock hangs unabashed between two Picards. Clearly, the directors can still sympathize with conventional commonplace as fully as with artistic originality. It looks almost as if they wished to test the public and see which will pay, before committing themselves to a definite policy. It is for this reason that already one begins to look forward anxiously to their second exhibition. N. N.

Correspondence.

"SLATES," BUT NO VACANCIES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Nothing could better prove Mr. Cleveland's evident intention to disregard the old "war-horse," and to appeal to the people at large, in the hope of drawing to his party fresh strength, than his Cabinet and the manner of its announcement. It leaves no doubt that he feels no longer the need of compromising with the politicians. He never did compromise on the silver question; he never did compromise on the pension question; he soon ceased to compromise on the tariff question; may we not hope that he can now cease to do so on the question of the "offices," and that he may treat both incumbent and applicant on a simple business basis? Senator Pugh mournfully, yet strongly, suspects that such is to be the case; let us hope that time may justify the wisdom of his prediction by the confirmation of his worst fears. Certain it is that, if the President fails to maintain consistently the spirit of civil-service reform, many terms must elapse before we can hope to have another Executive so favorably situated to resist party pressure.

One can imagine how, in the event that vacancies occur only where adequate cause is found, the lower jaws of sundry Kentucky patriots will drop. From the Commissionership of the Internal Revenue down to the Louisville and probably other post-offices, newspapers and applicants have saved Mr. Cleveland the trouble of consideration. Taking it for granted that, sooner or later, wholesale changes will be made, "slates" have been arranged in which all conflicting "claims" have been nicely adjusted. We know who is to be Marshal, District Attorney, Collector, Postmaster. The wires are evidently being laid with scrupulous care. But it occurs to me that Mr. Cleveland has manifested some impatience with those who have tried to do his thinking for him. Perhaps he may see no reason to make any changes at all. It pains me to think how, in that case, all these "original Cleveland men" may feel the sting of a President's and a republic's ingratitude! A. F.

Louisville, February 25, 1893.

MAY THE PRESIDENT SUSPEND THE OPERATION OF THE SILVER-PURCHASE ACT?

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: It is generally believed that no relief to the monetary situation can be expected from the present Congress. Can any benefit be derived by calling an extra session of the new Congress? If an extra session be called, a mongrel crowd of Democrats, Republicans, and Populists will assemble in Washington. The House will be without a Speaker, and with a large number of new members lacking legislative experience, each one ready to air his own new-fangled notions on the finances and the tariff. Among the Democrats there would be a number of old members who have feelings antagonistic to the incoming Administration, and these sentiments would possibly be shared by some of the new members. It would be bedlam let loose, from which the people might well pray to be delivered.

In the meantime, if an extra session is not called, what is to be done in the long interval between March 4 and the first Monday in December? Can there be any question that the President, through the Secretary of the Treasury, has the power to suspend the monthly purchases of silver if the public welfare demands it? As the crisis is not as serious, so the assumption of power would not be as great, as when Lincoln, at the beginning of the civil war, called out 75,000 militia for the defence of the capital, or when, as a war measure, he issued his emancipation proclamation. Such

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an assumption of power would not be as great as that of Jefferson when he negotiated the purchase of Louisiana, or when Jackson removed the Government deposits from the Bank of the United States. All these extra-constitutional acts on the part of the Executive were not only commended by the people, but afterwards approved by Congress.

But it seems to me that it would not be necessary for the President-elect to assume such responsibility as in the instances mentioned. The so-called Sherman Law entails upon the Executive Department the necessity of maintaining the parity between silver and gold. What if this parity cannot be maintained? In this event, which is bound to happen if silver inflation is continued, would it not be lawful and right, and therefore the duty of the Executive, to suspend the operation of the act, to prevent a financial crash? Would not such suspension meet the approval not only of the capitalist, but of every man, woman, and child who had a penny in a savings bank or an interest in a life-insurance policy? If the so-called Sherman Law be construed with the Resumption Act of 1875, the Executive is required not only to maintain the parity of gold and silver, but specie payments; and a depreciated note circulation based on silver bullion does not meet the requirements of these two acts.

Yours respectfully,

TALBOT J. ALBERT.

BALTIMORE, February 23, 1893.

[Without considering now the President's power to suspend the Silver Law, it is manifestly his duty to exhaust all his certain powers before exercising doubtful ones. In the former category is the power to issue bonds under the Act of 1875 if necessary, in order to continue specie payments, which under the Act of 1890 are gold payments.—ED. NATION]

A PROBLEM IN STATISTICS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The census of 1880 returned 6,679,943 persons of foreign birth resident in the United States. From 1880 to 1890 there arrived 5,246,613 immigrants. The two together make 11,926,556. The number of foreign-born persons returned at the eleventh census was 9,249,547, showing a deficiency of 2,677,009 compared with the foreign-born of 1880 plus the immigration of the decade. How shall we account for this apparent deficiency?

There was, in the first place, some emigration of foreign-born persons. The Bureau of Statistics of the Treasury Department gives, in its annual report, a return of the total number of departures from the seaports of the United States, without distinguishing, however, between United States citizens going abroad, foreigners (travellers) going home, and bona-fide emigrants. All we can do, therefore, is to subtract from the total number of passengers arrived the total number of passengers departed and regard this as the net immigration. Under the consideration that the United States citizens going abroad and the foreigners travelling here will sooner or later figure in both the arrivals and departures, the excess would represent the net gain to the population of the United States for a series of years, although the figures for any single year might not be correct. By this method the net immigration for the decade would be reduced to 4,414,337 and the deficiency to 1,844,733.

In the second place, we must allow for the deaths among the foreign-born of 1880 during the decade and among the immigrants from the time of their arrival to 1890. I have taken a death-rate of fifteen per one thousand, which, considering the large number of adults among the foreign-born and especially among the immigrants, is greater than the death-rate assigned in 1880 to the whole population. Using this death-rate, we find that the foreign-born of 1880 and the immigrants should have been represented in 1890 by 9,825,727 survivors, showing a deficit of only 576,180. It is necessary to add to this the immigration from Canada, which is not included in the Treasury tables after July 1, 1885. The Report (1892, p. 862) quotes from Canadian sources the number of immigrants passing through Canada en route for the United States for each year since 1885. During the five years from July 1, 1885, to July 1, 1890, they numbered 379,942, and, allowing the same mortality as before, in 1890 there should have been 368,186 survivors. Adding these to the deficit of 576,180, we have 944,366 unaccounted for.

Now, there are four ways of accounting for this deficit: (1) the emigration is larger than we have allowed for; (2) our assumed death-rate is too low; (3) foreign-born persons may have returned themselves as native-born in the census; (4) the enumeration of the people at the eleventh census may have been defective. The establishment of any or all of these four causes would give rise to reflections of considerable sociological interest and not without political importance. Hoping to receive some suggestions from the readers of the *Nation* on these points, I have the honor to be, your obedient servant,

RICHMOND MAYO-SMITH.

COLUMBIA COLLEGE, NEW YORK, February 23, 1893.

MR. BONSAL IN MOROCCO.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In a criticism of a book entitled 'Morocco As It Is,' of which I am the author, your reviewer feels called upon to make two or three charges of an entirely personal nature which, as they are quite beyond the pale of legitimate criticism, I feel called upon to answer.

First, your reviewer expresses grave doubts as to my trustworthiness, and says that I have no one but myself to blame for this impression, because on page 216 I unblushingly admit having deceived and mystified my Moorish servants. The insinuation of your reviewer would seem to be that a man who deceives his own servants, even when they are reliable and "trustworthy" Moors, cannot expect to inspire confidence in the great American public, or in the breast of such a very superior person as your reviewer undoubtedly is.

The facts are these, and they are fully explained on page 216 of the volume to which your reviewer refers. Mr. Chanler and myself left Fez July last for Tangier. We had had difficulties with the Bashaw and with the Berbers of the Ait-Atta tribe, and they had stated in the bazaars that they would not permit us to reach the sea-coast alive. When, one day out from Fez, our muleteers and servants mutinied, refusing to continue the journey, riding twenty hours a day, merely to save our lives, for which they naturally cared very little, it was only by making these men believe that their own precious skins were in danger that we succeeded in inducing them to continue the journey at a pace which secured us from pursuit, and brought us safely to the sea-coast some four days later. If this is the only thing your reviewer can advance to support this charge of untrustworthiness, I am sure that you will accord me that reparation and retraction which I now ask.

On another very trivial incident your reviewer hangs the heavy indictment of "rowdyism" and "boyish, foolish action," etc., etc. The facts are as follows: The guards of the Akbet Sba gate in Fez, who had on several occasions during the preceding weeks been most insolent in their behavior to Christians, refused one night to open the gates and allow me to return to my camp. It was not yet midnight, and the hour by law for closing the inner gates of the city, of which the Akbet Sba is one, was one A. M. Now it is true, as your reviewer states, that when these men or guards refused to open the gates to me and made use of language insulting to my race and to my religion, I compelled them to open the gates by somewhat forcible measures. It is true that in doing so I caught hold of the Caid in command of the gate by the ear, and even held my pistol to his temple, and your reviewer cites correctly that "the Caid was an old man"; but the insinuation of cowardice which he makes is rather mitigated by the facts, which must have been to his knowledge, if he read the paragraph from which he made the citation: the Caid in command, though an old man, was fully armed and surrounded by some dozen soldiers, all armed with Winchester rifles, and I had with me only a negro boy. It was only because these gentlemen kept pointing their guns at me in a most alarming manner that I finally took the somewhat energetic steps above described, which finally resulted in the gates being opened.

Your reviewer, who of course would not have been guilty of anything so unladylike, characterizes my behavior indifferently as that of a "foolish boy" or of a "rowdy." The Sultan of Morocco, however, when he heard of the action of these soldiers and their perfectly unjustifiable attempt to keep me out of the city, offered me, as a compensation for the danger to which I had been exposed and the indignities which I had suffered, the sum of five thousand dollars Spanish. This offer was made by the Grand Vizier through the British Minister, and is a matter of public record. When this offer was refused, the Sultan sent Mr. Chanler and myself a letter of apology, and offered to inflict any punishment we might devise upon the gate-keepers. On the receipt of this letter of apology, we expressed our willingness to let the incident drop, and the Sultan, pleased at what he chose to call our generosity, presented Mr. Chanler and myself with Shereefian swords, an honor rarely accorded to any but ambassadors of the first rank with whom his Saintly Majesty is well pleased. At the presentation of these swords by the Sultan's Vizier, Sir Charles Euan Smith, the British Minister, stated that our action in refusing the monetary compensation which is unhappily so usual in Morocco, and yet in insisting upon and obtaining every right and privilege guaranteed us by treaty, had done more to heighten the respect of the Moors for Christians than anything that had happened in Morocco during the past ten years; and a despatch in this appreciative sense was sent by him to Lord Salisbury and by the latter forwarded to our State Department, where it is now on file. Furthermore, the United States Consul at Tangier was authorized to convey to Mr. Chanler and myself the compliments of the Secretary of State, and his congratulations upon our attitude throughout our troubles in Fez, and upon the

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honorable terms upon which the incident was closed. I imagine, also, that this despatch is a matter of public record, as our Consul-General was kind enough to forward me to London a copy of the original.

The incident at the gate and my encounter with the Ait-Atta Berbers were matters of such little importance that I would not have mentioned them in my book had not the newspaper correspondents in Tangier, especially Reuter's agent there, telegraphed all over the world various and varied accounts of the incident, all agreeing, however, upon one main feature, namely, that Mr. Chanler and I had been killed.

In regard to "purloining books" from the Kairouin Library, your reviewer does not actually misrepresent; he merely places the matter in a false and unfair light. It is quite true that Sir Charles Euan Smith, Col. Hallam Parr, as well as I myself, purchased books from the Tholba (or students) which had undoubtedly been stolen from the library. Our reasons for so doing—or at least mine—were a wish to save, if possible, one or two of these valuable volumes from the destruction which inevitably awaits them in the troublous times that are coming for Morocco. Perhaps, also, we were all desirous of showing that M. Tissot and M. de la Martinière (and it is to these gentlemen I suppose your critic refers when he speaks of the "more competent writers on Morocco") were mistaken in saying that there is not left a single volume in the crypt of the sacred mosque. The members of the British mission intended to present their volumes they had obtained in this manner to the British Museum, and during the few weeks I have been back in America, I have endeavored to find out where the volumes that I brought back with me from Morocco would be most appreciated.

The question is not merely one of the loss or the preservation of a few rubbishy Arabic chronicles—not at all. In the older books of travel it is clearly stated that many valuable classics which were saved from the burning of the Alexandrian Library were taken to Seville and from there to Fez. It has been thought that among these volumes would be found some of the missing classics, such as the lost books of Livy and of Euclid. Every Christian mission that has gone to Fez during the last century has been charged with the task of sifting these stories out. The Sultan, however, has always refused to allow any investigation, and has always said pointblank that there was not a single book left in the library. In view of the volumes that we brought back from Fez this summer, there is now on foot a movement among scientific men interested in Oriental research to induce the greater Powers to present an identical note to the Sultan requesting him to permit a committee of savants to visit the Kairouin Library and to catalogue it. This request the Sultan will hardly be in a position to refuse, and should the investigation result in the discovery of some rare treasure, I think we will be pardoned for the somewhat indelicate manner in which the first volumes were obtained.—Your obedient servant,

STEPHEN BONSAL, JR.

WASHINGTON, D. C., February 25, 1893.

Notes.

THE *Library Journal* announces that the 'Co-operative Index to Periodicals' will be replaced by an 'Annual Literary Index,' in continuation at once of 'Poole's Index' and of Fletcher's newly published 'A. L. A. Index to General Literature,' of which more hereafter.

Harper & Bros. will publish immediately the Rev. John W. Chadwick's Address on George William Curtis before the Brooklyn Institute on February 22. It will be uniform with Mr. Curtis's Address on Lowell given just a year before.

It is hoped that the new volumes of Mr. Edward L. Pierce's Life of Sumner will appear in the course of a month or two.

'The Principles of History,' from the German of Droysen, by President Andrews of Brown University, with a biography of the author, is about to be issued by Ginn & Co.

Richmond, Croscup & Co., of East Seventeenth Street, New York, have in press 'Personal Reminiscences 1840-1890,' by L. E. Chittenden, former Registrar of the United States Treasury.

Mr. Henry B. Wheatley, editor of "The Book-Lover's Library," will himself contribute the next number of the series, entitled 'Literary Blunders: A Chapter in the History of Human Error.' A. C. Armstrong & Son will be the American publishers.

Mr. G. Thorn Drury edits, for the pretty and popular series called "The Muses' Library," the 'Poems of Edmund Waller' (Scribners), with an introductory memoir. Waller, who lives only by a few lyrics, has not been reprinted of late years and had indeed passed out of the market of current literature; and, as his name is of historical interest in English letters and his works must therefore be consulted by the curious, this was a sufficient reason for the reissue. The text followed is practically that of 1686, and the memoir is an admirable and just account of the poet's checkered and doubtful career. We observe that the editor disagrees with the absurd statements of Gosse in respect to Waller's importance in the development of English verse. Two portraits, one of the poet and one of Lady Dorothy Sidney, serve as frontispieces, and at the end of the volume is a goodly body of explanatory notes.

The "modern" and partly socialistic propagandism that has made use of "The Dilettante Library" as a means of reaching the public is markedly present in the latest volume of the series, 'Browning and Whitman,' by Oscar L. Triggs (Macmillan). Its sub-title is "A Study in Democracy," and the matter of the book is a disconnected and declamatory eulogy of the spirit of democracy as a social force of regeneration. Possibly some part of this impression is due to the frequent quotation of Whitman's *pronunciamientos*, and of Carpenter's 'Toward Democracy'—the latter being a poetical man-Friday to the solitary Crusoe-genius in our American wilds. There is a considerable portion of the little book which is excellent, both in thought and in temper; but truth in it is so mixed with fantasy, and enthusiasm with rhodomontade, as to make its reading a trial to critical patience. The striking and original part consists in the fresh illustration it gives of the place assigned to Thoreau by the group of English Socialists, its true perception of the nature of Lowell's democracy, and its attempt to associate Browning, Whitman, Wagner and Ibsen as independent but related expressions of a world-wide spirit. The author dispenses with form more frankly than any other critic of Whitman that we have observed, and the result is apparent in the lack of logical sequence and relation in his ideas. A better illustration of the fact that form in literature is essential and not accidental, that it is inherent in the thought which it rationalizes and clarifies, could not be asked for; but the author excuses vagueness and inconsecutiveness in himself and his hero by naming the literature "prophetical," and claiming the license of the tripod as his right. To read him and get at his ideas is a literary game of jackstraws.

A new and revised edition of Mrs. Abby Sage Richardson's 'Familiar Talks in English Literature' (Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.) proves the usefulness of this already frequently reprinted manual of literature, which aims mainly to interest young readers in the greater authors of the past so as to lead them to read their works from natural curiosity and pleasure. The entire field is covered to the year 1830, and though the volume is superficial to the point of tenuity, so far as its facts and statements are concerned, its quotations are well selected, and it is mainly by these that the author means to accomplish her purpose. The volume belongs to the literature of the "select school" rather than of the college, and it is useful both for such education and for the home reading of young ladies.

Prof. Corson's 'Primer of English Verse, chiefly in its Æsthetic and Organic Character' (Boston: Ginn & Co.), seems adapted rather to the needs of teachers than of students, and is most valuable for the long lists of examples given of the refinements of verse melody in the great English poets. The reference of verse to feeling, as its point of origin, is made with too little justification and without limitation; such a position requires fuller explanation, and involves an exclusion of the intellectual element in art that certainly will not be universally admitted without argument. In the body of the book, too, the reader feels that analysis of particular forms and of their combinations stops short of completeness; and, in particular, that the element of mere style is not sufficiently attended to. The verse of all forms is made to appear too exclusively an affair of pause and accent, and such a theory will not explain why Akenside and Thomson failed. The most profitable analysis, altogether, is that of the value of rhyme and its conditioning of structure through emphasis. The volume is, in fact, less a "primer," in the sense of being a brief statement of an entire subject, than a preliminary and suggestive study that prepares the student for some more exhaustive and important work.

Prof. George R. Carpenter has furnished a valuable aid for class-work in English composition by revising and editing Strang's 'Exercises in English, Selected and Classified for Criticism or Correction' (Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.). It contains a large number of examples of errors in common writing, and puts into brief space excellent material for practical work by young classes. Several examination papers are given at the end. A text-book so directly adapted to its purposes, with less waste of energy, is rarely to be met with in educational publications.

Readers of *Harper's* who recall Mrs. Anne Thackeray Ritchie's papers in that magazine upon her father's friends, will need no prompting to renew their acquaintance with them in the volume, 'Records of Tennyson, Ruskin, Browning,' in which they have been collected, with the illustrations, facsimiles, etc. (Harpers). These reminiscences, partly the author's own, partly obtained from her private friends, are models of what such revelations of intimate life and acquaintanceship should be; they have simplicity and discretion, and they succeed especially in giving the atmosphere and sensible presence of the little scenes and incidents they depict. The paper on the Ten-

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nysons has most charm, but those on Browning and Ruskin are also distinguished by strokes of the familiarity that does not breed contempt. Those who have become attached to these three masters of literary influence will especially be grateful to Mrs. Ritchie for acting as the intermediary of this more private introduction.

Dean Swift has been much before the public since Forster's Life of him was begun, and he holds attention seemingly without suffering from being too much written about. His career in the time of Anne makes him an excellent subject for the half-literary, half-social series of biographies in which he is now included by G. P. Moriarty—'Dean Swift and His Writings, with Portraits' (Scribners)—in a volume uniform with those on Horace Walpole, Mrs. Thrale, etc. The author does not undertake to furnish anything new, either in fact or in criticism; he uses the old materials, selects and arranges with discretion and taste, and leaves the man to make his own impression. There is a noticeable lack of any attempt to render Swift more attractive or to excuse his faults; it is plain that the author is not disposed to extenuate anything in the career of the correspondent of women who was neither husband nor lover, or of the place-hunter who was disappointed; his silence is significant, as is also his frank admission that he will not "whitewash." At the same time he is a conscientious investigator, he knows his rather intricate subject, and he sets down nothing in malice. Altogether, this is, perhaps, the most human and direct story of Swift's life that we have, the most useful for readers who require entertainment in the knowledge they get, and, though lacking in the condensing qualities and the judgments of a book like Leslie Stephen's, is a very serviceable volume for those who do not care to make a curious problem of the Dean's inverted intellect and heart.

Prof. Edward Caird has collected from magazines and reprinted from the 'Encyclopædia Britannica' two volumes of essays, 'Literature and Philosophy' (Macmillan), of unusual interest. The papers on "Cartesianism" and "Metaphysics" are from the 'Encyclopædia,' and have the qualities that should be shown in essays written for so special and strictly confined a purpose. They do not submit themselves to criticism in the sense in which the literary essays on Dante, Goethe, Rousseau, Wordsworth, and Carlyle do, though the same philosophical spirit is to be discerned in both branches of his subject. These latter essays consider literature from the standpoint of philosophy very much as Brother Azarias's 'Phases of Thought and Culture' considers it from the standpoint of theology. The prepossession of Prof. Caird is with the dualities, the oppositions, which he finds, and for which he seeks a unification in a synthesis of philosophy. He regards the 'Divine Comedy' as the "euthanasia" of the dualities of the mediæval age; he examines Goethe with respect to his attitude to the philosophical opposition (for example, of nature and spirit) which he encountered; he likens Wordsworth to Rousseau, and in dealing with both he endeavors to define "the return to nature," and finally to set it forth as an impulse of the world-spirit to find its self-renunciations through differences. Throughout, the goal of the "synthesis" is never far off, the place of Christianity is always near to the point of interrogation, the social destiny of man and the philosophical scheme which may attend it are present in thought, if not in the discussion. The interest, in other words, is philosophical, not literary; is of the matter, not of the form; is of the tendency, not of the immediate issue. The volume, consequently, is for readers of philosophy, and to them will prove a thoughtful and valuable criticism of literature as a form of the expression of man's spirit in progress to knowledge of itself and of the universe.

'Three Generations of English Women: Memoirs and Correspondence of Susannah Taylor, Sarah Austin, and Lady Duff Gordon,' by Janet Ross, appears in a new revised and enlarged edition (London: T. Fisher Unwin; New York: Putnams), making a bulky volume, but one in which the leisurely reader will find little to spare. Of the three remarkable women whose lives are here told, the second, Sarah Austin, the wife of the writer on jurisprudence, had the most intellectual force, and the appreciation of her by men of learning and genius is an eloquent testimonial to the strength of her mind as well as to her personal influence. Her career is a lesson in the possibility of the union of domestic fidelity and practical service in ordinary life with keen public interest and the soundest mental acquirements. She was, it should be said, a person of extraordinary energy and vivacity, of physical resources in her vitality which made her exceptional; but masculine genius is often dependent on a similar fund of vital force. She apparently derived her ability from her mother, whose daily life, with the nearness of household duties to mental employments, reminds one of old Puritan homes; and she passed on the inheritance to her daughter, Lady Duff Gordon, whose biography, if not of equal interest, is that of a live woman. The grouping of these three lives in one volume makes a family history of a very instructive sort, especially as the other collateral members of the stock were talented and successful to an unusual degree. The author of the book, it should be added, is fourth in this line of gifted women.

A work which will prove most alluring to the lover of beautiful books, and which cannot offend the most ascetic and fastidious scholar, is Mr. Bullen's 'Anacreon' (London: Lawrence & Bullen; New York: Scribners). It is a sumptuous offering, laid by Mr. Bullen, as he confesses, on the shrine of old memories of Ronsard and Herrick and Stanley and Cowley, as well as of those tripping Anacreontics which many of us found so taking and so haunting in the days of our youth. The margins are very wide, the paper heavy, the printing faultless (we notice only one misplaced accent, on page 54), the illustrations charming, with a classicism which distils through French sources. The text mostly agrees with that of Bergk, and, in the ode to the Grasshopper, would have been made clearer by adopting his emendation for the unintelligible φιλία, line 8th. Stanley's versions have the merit often of surpassing the original—a victory which is quite possible in this competition of prettiness and "cunning carelessness." The edition is limited to 1,000 numbered copies. Now that the grim fiat has gone forth which is to "put an end," as President Schurman of Cornell University says, "to this miserable masquerading in the habiliments of the ancient world, and see that our youth are clothed upon with the native fabrics of our own civilization," some of us, with a blush for our folly, may like to lay away this youthful toy upon our shelves, and may feel consoled that Anacreon and his imitators have found such decent and congenial burial.

Dr. Schliemann's volumes remind one, in their bulk and formlessness, of the piles of débris which he raised by his labors about Hissarlik and Mycenæ. The reader, wandering bewildered up and down his pages, longs for a guide and for an avenue that leads somewhere. Such a guide he will find in M. Charles Diehl, lecturer on archæology at Nancy, and former member of the French Classical Schools in Rome and Athens, who has written the best condensed popular account that has yet appeared of the discoveries of the last twenty years in Greek archæology. In a work of less than 400 pages he sums up with clearness, precision, and readableness the results of Dr. Schliemann's excavations at Mycenæ and Tiryns, as well as the important labors of French, German, and Greek archæologists at Delos, Olympia, Athens, Eleusis, Epidaurus, Dodona, and Tanagra. Each chapter sketches for the reader the necessary background of geographical and historical facts, describes the most important "finds," and sets forth with judgment the outcome, for art or history, of the discoveries. M. Diehl is neither a dilettante nor a dogmatist; he is at home in his facts, he is a sound critic in matters of art, and he refrains judiciously from being positive when he reaches debatable ground. Each chapter is furnished with an excellent bibliography that will assist the ambitious reader or student.

All the above merits are repeated, on the whole, in the translation entitled 'Excursions in Greece' (London: H. Grevel & Co.; New York: B. Westermann & Co.). The plans are nearly as clear as those of the original, and some well-chosen illustrations are added. Miss Perkins shows painstaking intelligence in her translation, and has taken the trouble to verify quotations and to amplify occasionally the bibliography in a manner which will serve English readers. Once or twice her painstaking runs to an amusing length. When, for example, M. Diehl says that every one knows of Agamemnon, if not from his Homer, at any rate from his Racine or his Offenbach, Miss Perkins, with malice prepense, transmutes these Frenchmen into Browning and Lewis Morris! The parallel between "La Belle Hélène" and "The Epic of Hades" might tickle Offenbach's fancy. The plain reader would have thanked Miss Perkins if she had constrained her printer to give warning, by italics, of transliterated Greek words, *e. g.*, *halteres*, *theoriai*.

Under the title 'The City and the Land' (Macmillan), the Palestine Exploration Fund publishes an excellent series of lectures delivered last year on Palestinian matters. The lectures are: Ancient Jerusalem, by Sir C. W. Wilson; The Future of Palestine, by Maj. Conder; The Natural History of Palestine, by Canon Tristram; The General Work of the Society, by Walter Besant; The Hittites, by W. Wright; The Story of a "Tell," by Mr. Petrie; The Modern Traveller in Palestine, by Canon Dalton. The results of recent researches are here given in brief and easily accessible form, and by men of acknowledged authority. The only unpleasantness of tone is in Dr. Wright's paper.

Dr. J. F. Hurst's 'Short History of the Christian Church' (Harpers) is a collection into one volume of the material already published by the author in five separate works, with important additions and revisions. It adds one more to the already long list of short church histories written from the half-historical, half-theological point of view, which do little towards advancing our real understanding of the true nature and progress of the church institution. Its most useful part is the last third, in which the history of the churches in the United States is treated with considerable detail and with notable fairness.

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The seventh volume of Dr. Schaff's extended 'History of the Christian Church,' 'The Swiss Reformation' (Scribners), brings the work down to the close of the Reformation period. It is now complete to that point with the exception of volume v. reserved for the treatment of the later mediæval Church from Hildebrand to the Reformation. The peculiar excellences of the former volumes are present here as well. A wide range of bibliographical reference, an encyclopædic command of the whole subject, familiarity with the treatment of controverted points, and a catholic spirit of fairness in presentation, have already marked this work as by far the most useful to the student who wishes to go below the surface of events. That the author should emancipate himself wholly from the German Protestant point of view, not to say from the limitations of a theological notion of historical writing, was not to be expected. The world of scholarship has reason to congratulate itself that he has been spared to finish this, plainly the part of his work most attractive to himself, and will wish him continued health to fill in the one gap now remaining in his great plan.

The volume of Dr. R. S. Storrs upon the life and times of St. Bernard (Scribners) was not made to increase our knowledge. It contains eight popular lectures, resting upon no profound original study and not inspiring to further inquiry. The point of view is conventional; there is no analysis of sources and no critical examination of evidence. The main current of the narrative rests upon Bernard's own writings, taken with a naïve confidence and without any of the caution so specially needed in dealing with all mediæval literature. The presentation is of the kind known as "brilliant," securing its effects by a profuse display of the author's well-known oratorical methods. It is extremely readable, and will doubtless do more to fix upon the general reading public of our day a picture of the typical man of the Middle Ages than a worthier treatment could possibly effect.

Vol. ii., No. 2, of Delitzsch and Haupt's 'Beiträge zur Assyriologie' (Leipzig: Hinrichs) contains, among other papers: The Babylonian Legends of Etana, Zu, etc., by E. J. Harper; The Relationship between Old Egyptian and Semitic, by F. Hommel; The Works of Jules Oppert (a bibliography of 366 numbers), by W. Muss-Arnolt; The Relation between Verbal and Nominal Formations in Semitic, by F. Philippi; The Hamitic Languages of East Africa, by F. Prætorius. The number fully maintains the high character of the 'Beiträge.'

A valuable contribution to our knowledge of ancient law is furnished by Bruno Meissner, in his 'Beiträge zum Altbabylonischen Privatrecht,' which forms Vol. xi. of Delitzsch and Haupt's "Assyriologische Bibliothek". (Leipzig: Hinrichs). Over a hundred cases, dealing with land, houses, slaves, money, adoption of children, and marriage-relations, are given in the original texts, with transcription, translation, and commentary. The old-Babylonian contract-tablets so far deciphered belong near 2,000 B. C., and cover a period of about 250 years. They exhibit a relatively high degree of civilization, and push the Babylonian beginnings back to a much earlier time.

The English Dialect Society have published, through Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., a very elaborate 'Grammar of the Dialect of Windhill in the West Riding of Yorkshire,' by Joseph Wright, Deputy Professor of Comparative Philology at Oxford, who illustrates his work with a series of dialect specimens, phonetically rendered, and a glossarial index. This deserves the attention of all students of English. The companion volume of the Society's annual issue is part one of a 'Glossary of Words used in the County of Northumberland and in the Tyneside,' by the Rev. Oliver Heslop. It is remarkable chiefly for the great number of technical terms associated with the Newcastle coaling industry. Though this was Thomas Bewick's country, he is seldom quoted among the examples of literary usage. We notice that shall and will are discriminated in the respective abbreviations Aa'll (I will) and Aa's (I shall); that Aln is sounded as *Ale* River, *Yel* Waater and *Yel*-mooth (Alnmouth), and *An*-nick (Alnwick); that the Roman *castra* always becomes chester, occurring in twenty-six name-places; that bang=excel, bastile=workhouse, battledore=hornbook, dark=blind. The word clapboards is obsolete. Odd phrases are Cruck-yor-elbow (write it down, put your name to it), Cruck-yor-hough (sit down), and Cruck-your-thumb—by way of a charm against witchcraft.

The valuable library of the celebrated Austrian encyclopædist, Dr. Constant von Wurzbach, numbering over 8,000 volumes, and especially rich in rare biographical works, is now offered for sale. Also, a collection of 45,000 portraits of eminent persons of all times and countries, which Dr. von Wurzbach has formed during a long and laborious life, can now be purchased at a very reasonable price. It consists of copperplates, steel-engravings, woodcuts, and drawings, some of them very rare, represents all the Presidents as well as many of the most prominent public men of the United States, and contains 800 portraits and caricatures of Prince Bismarck alone. For further information address R. von Wurzbach, Hermannstrasse 74, I., Munich, Schwabing, Germany.

—The most noteworthy, though not the most salient, feature of President Eliot's report on the state of Harvard College for 1891–92 is his insistence on the desirability of gaining a year from the academic course in favor of the post-graduate. The more gifted students are accomplishing it in one way or another, and the degrees of A.B. and A.M. have been bestowed simultaneously; but the University authorities are not in accord as to the propriety of the practice. The increase of students has exceeded 1,000 in four years, and the senior classes have come to be (as appears, permanently) larger than the junior, owing to the number of graduates of other colleges who wish to get a polishing-off at Harvard. The increase in the attendance at the Law School is formidable, but a remedy is intimated in raising the requirements for admission. The Divinity School shows a feeble if not diminishing patronage, and the very liberality of its courses seems to be the direct cause. Men trained there notoriously do not furnish an adequate supply for Unitarian pulpits, and a bid is now made for all sorts of theological students by proposing that professorships be founded representing several evangelical denominations. Whether the products of such special training would find places in competition with the graduates of the regular denominational schools may be doubted, as their orthodoxy would be suspected; but the proposal is a confession that the present genuine university instruction in divinity needs to be bolstered up by chairs for teaching the truth as staked out and limited by sectaries. President Eliot shows that students admitted to the freshman (academic) class without Greek give a good account of themselves in advanced standing, and he speaks well of the novel experiment of bestowing scholarships on students before entering college, on the recommendation of teachers. He is proud of the fact that the new millionaire universities of the Middle and Far West, and other colleges, have tempted in vain with higher pay and higher titles ten Harvard professors and instructors. The examination of the state of secondary schools by the College Faculty has been organized, but no case is reported of its having been requested. An efficient check on college morals has been found in a system of probation, which is well set forth by the Dean.

—An American volume of literary criticism from the Catholic point of view is a notable rarity; and, in addition to this extraneous interest, Brother Azarias's 'Phases of Thought and Criticism' (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) affords an unusual example of the application to literature of standards mainly philosophical. He begins his volume with a preparatory exposition of the functions of the soul, and a special examination of its ways of thinking and truth-finding. He decides that the ideal in thought and the cultivation of the spiritual sense of the soul hold a primacy in the intellectual and higher life, to which it is the most important office of literature to minister; and, having thus made straight the path, with copious justification in Catholic teaching to support his particular definitions, he subjects to inquiry the 'Imitation of Christ,' the 'Divine Comedy,' and 'In Memoriam.' The spirit of faith and piety that pervades and governs the discourse, which relates solely to the spiritual sense of these works, gives a predominant religious tone to the matter, and the style is both expository of doctrine and exhortatory to excellence. The first two essays of the critical part are written *con amore;* the last, that on Tennyson's poem, shows traces of the sorrow of the good over the errors of the excellent. The analysis, however, is firm and accurate, the subject is well studied, and the treatment is scrupulously just; there are poetic sympathy and much true appreciation; but, in the nature of the case, judgment is passed on theological grounds, and the poet's errors of faith are pointed out with a warning voice. The echoes of Petrarch in the poem are pointed out, and this is the single purely literary feature that need be specially mentioned. Such a work, starting from Catholic dogma and proceeding on lines of moral and intellectual interest, has little room for the ordinary principles of literary criticism, and must be regarded as incomplete since it employs a method only partially applicable to poetry; for poetry, as other than a form of truth, it has no touch. But the highest value of literature is, no doubt, what this critic states it to be, and such essays as these, which are to be spoken of only with respect for the learning, thought, and spirit distinguishing them, exercise an influence much needed in heightening the sense of dignity and moral power in literature, in strengthening our hold of its ideal elements, and in recalling readers to its great works. This is the service which the author had most at heart, and he honors himself and his church in doing it.

—Among the innumerable pictures to be sent from England to the Chicago Exhibition one of the most talked about at the present moment is the work of an American. The new portrait of Mr. Gladstone by Mr. J. McLure Hamilton has naturally attracted attention, not only because of its subject, but because Mr. Hamilton's first portrait of the Premier,

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exhibited last year in the Salon, was, as will be remembered, purchased by the French Government, and now hangs in the Luxembourg. It is a dangerous experiment to try and repeat a success, but in this case, a correspondent writes us, the results are Mr. Hamilton's justification. "The second portrait, in many ways, is finer than the first; in others it is less satisfactory. The latter was painted in the summer-time at Hawarden: Mr. Gladstone, in gray clothes, was sitting in his library directly in front of the window, and the whole arrangement, bathed in soft summer sunshine, made a delightful harmony. The charm of the picture was rather in its beauty as a study of color and light than in its strength as a portrait, admirable though it was in this respect also. In the new portrait Mr. Gladstone, again seated in front of the window, is in a Downing Street room which in ugliness can scarce be outrivalled by a London lodging-house drawing-room. The couch on which he sits is of shiny red leather; a hideous table, somewhat relieved by its cover, is at his side. Out of the window one can just see, through the mist of a London winter day, a few cabs, and the Duke of York's column in the distance. But Mr. Hamilton has never done anything better than the head of the old man. It is hard to say whether its chief merit is its technical excellence or its suggestion of character. Old age is expressed in the very way the straggling white hairs at the back of the head are seen against the light; the energy and determination which have made Mr. Gladstone what he is at fourscore, are in the eyes and mouth. The pose, too, is characteristic: he holds up the book he is reading with an ease which would not ill become a youth. This portrait goes to Chicago with the work of American artists living in London, a section which, it is safe to promise, will prove one of the most striking, for among the painters represented, besides McLure Hamilton, are Whistler, Sargent, Mark Fisher, Mrs. Merritt, Boughton; among the black-and-white men, Abbey and Pennell. Abbey, however, is sending over, not his drawings, but such of his decorations for the Boston Public Library as are already finished."

—London theatrical events are proving that Mr. William Archer, whose pessimistic views in regard to the modern English stage we have more than once had occasion to refer to, will this winter have a liberal opportunity for getting a verdict from an English-speaking public upon the merits of the contemporary Scandinavian drama. On the 2d of last month an afternoon performance of "Ghosts" was given at the Athenæum Hall, with Miss Hall Caine as *Regina*. The play, notwithstanding the unflinching realism of its handling of a repellent theme, was received with marked favor by a house filled to overflowing. The next experiment in putting Ibsen upon the London boards has been a series of afternoon representations of his new play "Bygmester Solness," which was to be brought out in Christiania in December. The play is in three acts. Miss Elizabeth Robins takes part in the performance, and for the translation, which it has been proposed, with the sanction of the author, to entitle "Halvard Solness," Mr. William Archer is himself responsible, in collaboration with Mr. Edmund Gosse. A common devotion to the work of the great dramatist has thus put an end to the feud which has lately divided these two accomplished Norse scholars. Somewhat in the nature of a coincidence with the quickened interest in the dramatist who finds his interpretations of human fate in the laws of science, comes the production, on February 21, by the Independent Theatre, of the promised play by Mr. George Moore. The eminently modern and anti-romantic name of the play, "The Strike at Arlingford," is suggestive of the well-known critical views, literary and theatrical, of the author. Mr. Moore was one of the first critics to portray to the English public, through the columns of a review, the extraordinary dramatic intensity of "Ghosts," as given several years ago in Paris by the Théâtre Libre, under the management of M. Antoine. A little later, in an animated paper on "The Necessity of an English Théâtre Libre," after commenting on Mr. William Archer's sceptical attitude towards such an undertaking, and after canvassing the possibility of getting unconventional plays from the pens of Mr. Hardy and Mr. Henley, and from such professional playwrights as Messrs. Grundy, Pinero, and Henry Arthur Jones, Mr. Moore concluded, in words which now seem to have the ring of prophecy, "One hundred and fifty or two hundred subscribers would include all that is rare among the intelligence and fashion of London, and our monthly performances would be celebrated in the press even as the annual exhibitions at Burlington House or the state balls at Buckingham Palace."

—Those who revisit Oxford during the coming summer will be startled to discover that the beautiful spire of the University Church of St. Mary's has been sheathed in a most intricate scaffolding, which buttresses it on all sides from top to bottom. It has been discovered that the pinnacles were not safely constructed, and that their precarious lodgment had long been a real danger, although fortunately only one or two small fragments have actually fallen. Those who crowded the triforium of Westminster Abbey upon the recent occasion of the late poet laureate's public funeral, have reason to know that, in spite of iron braces plentifully used, the ancient stonework there is not considered safe, for the authorities not only used wooden screens to prevent any undue strain upon the tapering columns, but also detailed workmen to warn the public from time to time against leaning with any weight against these treacherous bits of half-disintegrated stone. It had not been supposed, however, that the spire of St. Mary's was in any such case, since the architect still lives to whose restoration in the thirties much of the great beauty of the steeple is due. Nevertheless it now appears that, unexceptionable as that restoration was from an artistic point of view, it was not structurally sound. The effects of a disintegration, due to the peculiar atmosphere of the Thames valley, are only just beginning to be understood in their full bearing upon the conservation of ancient monuments. A thorough investigation is in progress by competent engineers acting on behalf of the University, and meanwhile £800 have been expended upon the scaffolding. A rough estimate of the cost of restoration places it at £9,000, and there is doubt still whether more may not be involved, since two cracks traversing the whole length of the structure to its very foundations have already been discovered.

—There is a movement on foot to found a memorial scholarship "to be held at Balliol College, Oxford, by a student of music, who should have given satisfactory proof both of his musical ability and of his capacity to profit by one of the ordinary courses of university study." The memory thus to be commemorated is that of the late Mr. Lewis Richard Nettleship of Balliol College, who died in August last from exposure on Mt. Blanc, in the midst of a remarkable career. He was looked upon, both at his school (Uppingham) and at his college, as one who had every quality of greatness, unless the desire to be publicly and widely acknowledged as great is counted as one of them. He moulded the aspirations of many successive generations of pupils in so sympathetic and wise a manner that they all looked upon him as a father or perhaps an elder brother. The unique place which he occupied cannot be filled, and his career must be regarded as an efflorescence of the deeply ethical turn given to philosophic study at Oxford by his friend Prof. T. H. Green as well as by the Master of Balliol. Any attempt to describe adequately for those who were not under him the compelling power of his personality, is foredoomed to failure. One of his many intense convictions about education was that the possibilities for developing character which could be extracted from a clearing up of various current ideals—such as that of "a practical man"—were very much underestimated; and he strongly advocated a system of teaching, based upon modern English poetry, which should do for young men to-day what was attempted in connection with the Greek poets in the days of Socrates. Another cardinal point with him was the function in education of good music. He knew no greater force which could be appealed to for diminishing class resentments than a common meeting-ground for rich and poor alike, which musical practice and study could be made to yield. Hence the peculiar appropriateness of the proposed memorial scholarship.

WRIGHT'S COWPER.

The Life of William Cowper. By Thomas Wright, Principal of Cowper School, Olney. London: T. Fisher Unwin; New York: Putnams.

COWPER is now read by few except in extracts. He is not a great poet, yet he is a poet, and he has at least one peculiar charm: he is of all poets the most restful. The other day a ruthless pessimist, determined to hunt our self-satisfaction out of its last retreat, proclaimed that it was vain to seek peace of mind in books, since care would follow you into your library. His care, it seems, was too carking to be lulled even by the babbling of the Bandusian spring. We wonder whether he had tried "The Task."

As a rule, biographers of literary and scientific men give us too many details of their ordinary life. The career of a man of action affords matter for narrative, but the actions of literary and scientific men are their works. Interest, in their case, properly attaches to events or circumstances which influence thought or are sources of inspiration. What would it profit us to transcribe the entries in the buttery books of Trinity College during the residence of Sir Isaac Newton? It is conceivable, even, that if our passionate desire for the details of Shakspere's personal history could be gratified, the antiquary might be a greater gainer than the worshipper of genius. Johnson is not a profound critic of poetry, but there is something to be said for the succinctness as well as for the good sense of his lives of the poets. The number and bulk of biographies are becoming very burdensome. Mr. Wright, however, in presenting us with this portly volume, may reasonably say that, as Cowper was a microscopic writer, in his case minute things are important. As the principal of Cowper's school at Olney, Mr. Wright has had advantages of which

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he has made the best use. We get not only pictures, with full histories, of houses which Cowper inhabited or visited, and topographical details of every kind, but engravings of his armchair and of his poker. Among the biographer's sources are unpublished letters in the British Museum or private hands, the diary, recently discovered, of Samuel Teedon, schoolmaster of Olney, who, though a weak creature, appears to have had influence over Cowper; the ledger and day books of Dr. George Grindon of Olney, who married Lady Austen's niece; the diary of the Rev. Abraham Maddock, containing important references to Cowper, and the parish registers of Olney. Cowper's last letter to Lady Austen unfortunately has not been found.

Mr. Wright thinks that he has made a discovery which throws an entirely new light on Cowper's life. All the biographers have overlooked the "Fatal Dream." It seems that in 1773, when Cowper was forty-two years old, he had a dream in which a word was spoken awful enough to alter the whole tenor of his subsequent existence. "On that night," says his biographer, "he crossed the line that divided a life of hope from a life of despair." The word seems to have been uttered in Latin and to have been *Actum est de te, periisti*. It is true that Cowper does refer to this dream in language such as he uses when the dark fit is on him. But, with deference to Mr. Wright, we can see no reason for investing the incident with such portentous significance. It was after this that Cowper wrote "The Task" and a number of other poems, including "John Gilpin," which breathe anything but despair. It was after this that he wrote scores of playful and cheerful letters. It was after this that he enjoyed some years of happy and many of not unhappy life. It was after this that he wrote:

"Had I the choice of sublunary good,
What could I wish that I possess not here—
Health, leisure, means to improve it, friendship, peace,
No loose or wanton though a wandering muse,
And constant occupation without care?"

In the same poem he says of his spiritual condition:

"I was a stricken deer that left the herd
Long since; with many an arrow deep infixt
My panting side was charged when I withdrew
To seek a tranquil death in distant shades.
There was I found by one who had himself
Been hurt by the archers. In his side he bore,
And in his hands and feet, the cruel scars.
With gentle force soliciting the darts
He drew them forth, and heal'd, and bade me live."

The crisis to which the opening of this passage refers, evidently is the malady which forced Cowper to leave London and retire into seclusion, not a dream; while the last lines distinctly rebut the idea of despair. So the beautiful apostrophe to the stars ("Task," Book v.) concludes thus:

"So I with animated hopes behold;
And many an aching wish, your beamy fires,
That show like beacons in the blue abyss,
Ordain'd to guide the embodied spirit home
From toilsome life to never-ending rest.
Love kindles as I gaze. I feel desires
That give assurance of their own success,
And that, infused from heaven, must thither tend."

"Animated hope" could not dwell in the same breast with despair, nor "assurance" of a celestial home with a certainty of eternal condemnation. We have another dream of the same tenor later on, but it has a ludicrous sequel: a dray-horse running against Cowper, and Cowper swearing at the drayman. When Cowper was himself, he was a man of sense, and, though he might attach a fanciful importance to the visions of the night, he would hardly have allowed his life to be dominated by a bad dream. Humor, of which he had plenty, might also have shown him that Deity was not likely to display its classical accomplishments by delivering its sentence in Latin.

Too much, perhaps, has altogether been made of Cowper's disease as an influence over his general life and his productions. We might as well be spared the revolting details of his repeated attempts at suicide, and the hideous ravings of his lunacy. The hypochondria which visited him at intervals, and twice at least assumed the form of suicidal mania, and beneath the cloud of which his days ended, had no doubt a physical source. Indeed, there is an intimation in his letters of its connection with his general health. Its first access may very likely be traced to an unwholesome life in Temple Chambers, among companions of intemperate habits. It was intermittent, and in the intervals, happily long, his character and compositions were free from its influence. Its dark shadow nowhere falls upon his "Task," or, indeed, upon any of his poetry that is worth reading, with the single exception of "The Castaway." His letters are frequently playful; far from being hypochondriac, they are not very often sad. In some of his pieces, such as "The Poplar Field," there is a tinge of melancholy. But this is common to him with all sentimental writers. It would be difficult, perhaps, to name any sentimental writer who, on the whole, is more cheerful. Cowper's malady cut him off from active life, and thus led him to take to poetry. This was its most important effect. Without it he would have been a third-rate lawyer and a commissioner in bankruptcy, or Clerk of the Journals to the House of Lords. Mr. Wright aptly observes, when Cowper is called a failure in life, that "if we had no failures in life, we should have no poets." The influence of the malady (when the fit was over) on Cowper's productions was rather the reverse of saddening; they beamed with the happiness of convalescence. Chatham was liable to hypochondria, which in his case is known to have been the result of suppressed gout. But when he was free from the gout, his mind was sound.

Every biographer of Cowper is bound to discuss the question of Newton's influence over him. Newton, as we know, had been in his youth a slave-trader and a profligate. Smitten by remorse, he had become intensely religious in the Calvinistic sense, and had devoted himself to the ministry. He appears to have been a really excellent man, active in good works as well as in preaching his austere creed, and more genial and rational than might have been expected from such a career. His kindness to Cowper during one of the hypochondriac fits was heroic. But it is inconceivable that he should have been a good companion and mentor for one liable to mania which took a religious turn. The sensible Lady Hesketh seems to have settled the question when she deprecated the excessively religious regimen to which Cowper was subjected by Newton, and which condemned him to spend the fine summer evenings in pious exercises instead of taking his walk. Mr. Wright speaks with contempt of those who object to Newton's interference, after his departure from Olney, with his disciple's mode of life; yet it is certain that Newton did interfere and take Cowper to task on religious grounds at a time when he was really enjoying perfectly innocent pleasures in perfectly unexceptionable company. It is also asserted that Cowper resented the interference. If Newton was misled in the particular instance, as it appears he was, by the gossip of Olney, we are not the less led to surmise that his influence must have been oppressive. While Newton was with him, Cowper wrote nothing but hymns, and had Newton remained with him, it is doubtful whether he would ever have written anything else. It was Lady Austen's company that inspired "The Task" and "John Gilpin." The best part of Newton's regimen probably was the practice of visiting the poor, for which Olney, a miserable village of depressed lace-makers, afforded ample scope. This could do neither the man nor the poet any harm.

A critical biography of Cowper, which the present hardly pretends to be, would be incomplete without an assignment of his place in the history of literature. Twice in the poet's quiet parlor, above the hissing of the tea-urn and the sound of the volume made vocal to the fair, we hear thunder peal in the outer world. In the first case it is the American, in the second it is the French Revolution. Cowper treats both lightly, as things remote from his existence; and in regard to the French Revolution it is curious to compare his nonchalant but sensible remarks with the magnificent ravings of Burke. But the events remind us of his intellectual date. He belongs to the commencement of the revolutionary era, and is, by the philanthropic sentiment to which he appealed and which was unknown to Pope, a harbinger, though the most unconscious as well as the mildest, of great social change. His affinity to the distinctly revolutionary poets is traceable though faint, and it is not only on account of his insanity, or even of his sensibility, that his name has become linked with that of Rousseau.

Cowper's Evangelicism is a thing apart. What is called the English Reformation was the third of a series of five movements by which the religion of England detached itself from Rome. The first was the revolt against the abuses of Papal patronage, headed by Grosseteste, in the reign of Edward III.; the second was the movement of Wycliffe; the third was the Tudor Reformation; the fourth was Puritanism; the fifth was Methodism, of which Evangelicism was a wing, though it remained within the Established Church, from which, indeed, John Wesley never formally seceded, while his brother remained until the last within its pale. Methodism, unlike the previous movements, was non-political and almost quietist. It was purely a revolt against the irreligion, levity, and sensuality of the time. In the Established Church, spiritual life had been smothered by privilege and endowment:

"Sweet sleep enjoyed the curate at his desk,
The tedious rector drawling over his head,
And sweet the clerk below."

If Cowper wanted spiritual life and comfort, it was only in Methodism or Evangelicism that in those days he could find them. From Methodism his aristocratic refinement would have recoiled. He has expressed his dislike of the "nasal twang heard at conventicle." Evangelicism was the only haven for his soul.

Mr. Wright presents us with two new poems; one is in Latin alcaics. Mr. Wright thinks Cowper a poor Latinist. In this we cannot agree with him, for Cowper's Latin verses seem to us good. But in the first line of this set, as given us by Mr. Wright, there is an evident omission of the preposition *ab*, which, though not necessary to the sense, is necessary to the metre. The other poem is on a thunderstorm. It exists only in a copy made by a farmer, whose transcription may have been bucolic—at all events, it is in a very rough and faulty state; yet the lines describing the coming of the storm, the prelusive hush, the premonitory gust of wind in the wood, the silence of the birds, the uneasiness of the cattle, the scurrying of the swine, the haste of the travellers to gain shelter, are in Cowper's manner, and show an enjoyment of nature, evinced by

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minute observation, which could hardly have dwelt in a morbid and miserable breast. When he was writing such lines, at all events, Cowper was a happy man.

KEARY'S NORWAY.

Norway and the Norwegians. By C. F. Keary, M.A., F.S.A. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1892.

THE present book, Mr. Keary's latest essay in the exposition of matters Scandinavian, is for the general rather than the special reader. Its purpose and scope are tolerably well indicated by two live figures contained in the preface. It has been discovered in his intercourse with travellers in Norway, says the author, that, with only the vaguest ideas of the ancient heroic past of the country, their imaginations at once "rose" to words like Edda, and Saga, Viking, Thor, and the like, as do the salmon of Norwegian streams to the fly of the fisher. The likeness is not carried further, but the inference that the traveller is henceforth to be furnished with a better kind of bait, or, at least, with pabulum upon which more satisfactorily to feed, is strengthened by the other figure at the bottom of the same page. Mr. Keary has, he says, from the information he has gathered together, designedly selected the "plums." But, although this has consciously been done, he has aimed at supplying enough dough to imbed them properly. Of the two the second figure is undoubtedly the better. There are plums in the book of information and of expression, but sometimes they are too deeply imbedded in dough in which a proper measure of the leaven of enlightenment is now and then lacking. All images apart, the author's intention is to furnish the English-speaking traveller in Norway—and his name is legion—with information, usually extremely difficult to get upon the ground, connecting the Norway of to-day with the Norway of the past. Accordingly, his work is in no sense a guide-book. Very little space is given to actual description of the topography or scenery of the country, and none at all to routes of travel. The land in its main physical characteristics is described, but the principal part of the book is devoted to the people, their history, their ancient religion, and their literature, old and new. The last chapter is a contribution by Eva Tindall on the wild flowers of Norway.

Mr. Keary divides visitors to Norway into three classes: those who come for sport, principally fishing; those who come in private yachts, or "yacht steamers," as they are called; and regular tourists. The class first mentioned settle on a salmon river or a lake near the coast, while the second class steam from fjord to fjord, or only occasionally make a short journey inland. Their knowledge of Norway is consequently almost entirely confined to the coast region; and while this coast scenery is confessedly the finest which the country has to show, and in places is grand and magnificent beyond description, it is, after all, but a small part of Norway. The regular tourists of the interior, who, nevertheless, are in a minority, are the only ones who adequately see Norway and the Norwegians, or even get an idea of Norwegian scenery as a whole. The picture of the country gathered from the fjords is greatly modified by a journey inland, where the rounded hill-tops of the coast are replaced by real mountain scenery, and there is a varying panorama of cultured fields and farmsteads, of lakes and rivers and waterfalls, and of pine forests in grandeur scarcely equalled in any other part of Europe. The traveller, Mr. Keary rightly concludes, both for the sake of the scenery and for a sight of primitive Norway, should not leave the country without seeing at least some parts of it back from the coast. This he can now do with but little personal discomfort or inconvenience, although, out of the beaten track, which is, after all, still somewhat limited, there is enough of both.

The section devoted to the land and the people is interestingly written and is plainly based on a somewhat intimate personal knowledge. The chapters, too, on modern Norway, which describe political and social conditions, education and religion, although their information in many instances is necessarily fragmentary, contain much that is valuable and well put, and are, no doubt, adequate for their present purpose, that he who runs, or rather "posts," may read. Theoretically, the author finds in Norway under the Constitution the ideal of a republic where there is no great wealth and no excessive poverty, and where, through the abolition of hereditary titles, there should be a real feeling of social equality. If the condition of the country as he actually does find it is not ideal, it is in some points, at least, not unsatisfactory. There is everywhere an absence of anything like abject poverty, and serious crime in the rural districts is totally unknown, so that in such regions there is no regular system of police or gendarmerie. There is a fair condition of popular education, and the vice of excessive intemperance has been met and successfully grappled with. There is still a very large proportion of illegitimate births. With Ibsen's pictures of the people of Norway in his social dramas the author does not at all agree. He does, however, find the narrow bureaucracy of the towns that Ibsen is so fond of satirizing, and, instead of an expected social equality, a rare chase for Government office and official title for the sake of the distinction they confer. The following chapter, on modern Norse literature, is occupied principally with Björnsen and Ibsen, the former, in a new characterization, being styled "The Muscular Christian of Norway" and compared with Charles Kingsley—a juxtaposition that would probably as much astonish the poet himself as it will any one who knows him and his work.

Mr. Keary dwells at greatest length on ancient Norway, its history, mythology, and literature. Of the three topics, the history, from Harold Fairhair down, has been treated most fully and circumstantially. One may get from it a good idea of political influences and results, and descriptions are helped out by quotations from the historical sagas. These chapters are well digested and not too abstrusely written, as befits their popular purpose. They contain, furthermore, many of the plums spoken of in the preface. There are, however, a few inaccuracies of statement and one or two downright errors. The following, for instance, is a *lapsus calami* whose occurrence it is quite impossible to understand. In the account of the reign of Hakon Hakonsson we are told in unmistakable terms that "Hakon really incorporated Iceland with Norway—a union which has lasted ever since." Iceland, as we all know, fell with Norway under Danish sovereignty in 1388, and although some few of the first officials under the new régime were Norsemen, Danish influence, political and social, has been paramount there ever since.

The chapters on the ancient literature, which include also an account of the Edda mythology, are the least satisfactory in the book. The mythology contains, perhaps, in some form or other, the principal material from the Eddas, but it is given in a haphazard and unsystematic way. The purpose to give a picture of the Northern mythology based solely upon the ancient poetry might be, no doubt, from some points of view laudable, but it is impracticable and unwise for the work in hand, for it is utterly impossible to get even a tolerably complete idea of the old mythology from the poems alone. The picture proves to be merely a series of studies without cohesion or correlation. Some of the statements show a close reading of Rydberg. The desire to be "popular" crops out here and there. On page 99 we are told, for instance, that "there is no 'highfalutin' about Thor." It may be more than suspected that those imaginations which are ready and willing to "rise" to names of the old gods will, after all, in some cases refuse the author's new flies.

The account of the ancient literature itself has, even more than the mythology, an encyclopædic character. It is unmistakably that part of the subject in which the author has read least, and many of its statements are hasty and ill-considered, while not a few are absolutely wrong. There is a certain advantage, to be sure, in this sort of knowledge, since it enables a writer to deal in an off-hand way with mooted points which would else require careful statement. The whole vexed question of the place of origin of the so-called Eddic poems is, in this manner, disposed of in a single paragraph, where the conclusion is arrived at that the scene of this development of Northern verse was in some part of the Norse colonies of the British Isles. "Nay," says the author, "we may say, almost for certain, that it had its origin either in the Scottish or Irish settlements." This is, of course, Vigfusson's well-known theory, and as such is worthy of consideration. It may even be true of single songs, but it is, after all, an unsubstantiated theory, whose greatest support consists principally in the boldness of the assumption. In the statement of the likeness in form of the earliest Germanic verse everywhere a curious mistake occurs. The author, namely, cites the German "Hildebrandslied," from which he quotes, as he says, "the passage where Hildebrand mourns over the son he has slain by his own hand." The last verse cited in reality is: "Now shall my own child smite me with the sword." The "Hildebrandslied" is only a fragment and the end is missing. It may possibly have had such a tragic termination as the author supposes, but the poem itself leaves us in doubt as to the outcome of the combat.

The chapter on the sagas is devoted principally to Iceland, and there is a long quotation from the Njals saga, perhaps the most national of them all. This was hardly necessary, since, although the saga in its development was principally or even almost specifically Icelandic, its scene of action was not infrequently Norway, and its descriptions are often of Norwegian affairs and conditions, which would have been much more appropriate in a book on Norway. In the historical part of the book, the Icelander Snorri's "Lives of the Kings of Norway" in the 'Heimskringla' are necessarily cited. In the chapter on the sagas, we are told that for his material "Snorri seems to have been very largely indebted to the court ballad poetry." If we may believe his own statement in the preface to his history, he undoubtedly was. "Part is written down after old songs and ballads," he says. "We rest the foundations of our history principally upon the songs."

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If, as appears from the foregoing, there are blemishes in Mr. Keary's book, there are parts, nevertheless, which are admirably written. Mr. Keary, it must be remembered, is above all a writer of history, and the historical chapters, with those on modern Norway, would, taken alone, have amply justified the volume. As a whole, however, the work is too hastily done to be well done, and in places it needs a rather careful revision.

Bog-Land Studies. By J. Barlow. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1892. Pp. 104.

Irish Idylls. By Jane Barlow, author of Bog-Land Studies. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1892. Pp. 284.

THESE books will be opened with interest by any one who remembers the appearance some years ago, in the pages of a short-lived Dublin magazine, of "Walled Out, or Eschatology in a Bog" (one of the above Bog-Land Studies). The two volumes might with propriety have been entitled 'Bog-Land Studies in Verse' and 'Bog-Land Studies in Prose.' Both are dominated by the sombre impressions carried away from the study of winter and spring moorland scenery in Ireland. It is to be regretted that an authoress so capable of interpreting nature and striking the chords of human feeling has not, in these volumes, given us more sketches inspired by Irish bog-land in the glory of summer and autumn, when the furze and heather are in full bloom, when the "bog cotton" is dancing in the breeze, and the tender outlines of the horizon are shrouded in silvery haze. These volumes display undeniable power and tenderness of feeling. They are the most original contributions to the study of Irish character that we have seen for some time. We must be content to take them as they are—for the most part merciless in their portrayal of the sadder side of life. Surely life even in Ireland is not altogether dark, even in bog-land, even through all the gloom of the past half-century and the unsettlement of present years. Miss Barlow's Irish diction does not strike us as altogether perfect—we here meet our old friends "prast" for "priest," and "indade" for "indeed," and the like, which we have never heard in Irish speech. Several expressions not familiar to us may be justified by their use in whatever district she has specially drawn her inspiration from. But we prefer to regard these books as a whole; and, so regarded, they at once arrest the attention of the reader. The feeling and genius are there, the faults are few. They are, we trust, but a foretaste of better work to come, inspired, perhaps, in a more cheerful vein by happier days in the writer's country.

'Bog-Land Studies' consists of six sketches. Of these "Eschatology in a Bog" is the most original. In it we have the thoughts of an Irish peasant on life and death and the beyond, suggested by the casual remark of his young master, whom he accompanies out shooting, anent the small shot-hole through which has been let out the life of a bird:

"'It's quare to think that a houle ye might bore wid a pin
'Ill be wide enough to let such a power o' darkness in
On such a power o' light, an' its quarer to think,' sez he,
'That one o' these days the like is bound to happen to you an' to me.'
Then Mr. Barry, he sez: 'Musha, how's wan to know but ther's light
On t'other side o' the dark, as the day comes afther the night?'"

The alternate phases of hope and of uncertainty regarding the future, as we are happy or unhappy, are well touched off:

"For the blacker this ould world looks and the more ye're bothered and vexed,
The more ye'll be cravin' an' longin' for somethin' else in the next;
While whinever there's little that ails ye, an' all goes slither as grase,
Ye don't so much as consither, bedad, if there's e'er such a place;
The same as a man comin' home from his work av a winther's night,
Whin the wind's like ice an' the snow an' the rain have him perished outright,
His heart 'ill be set on a good turf blaze up the chimney roarin' and red
That 'ill put the life in him again afore he goes to his bed;
Tho' on summer evenin's, whin soft as silk every breath that wint,
He'd niver have asked for a fire, but tarned to his sleep contint."

Miss Barlow's descriptions and similes are often singularly happy, as when she makes one of her characters speak of "Waves poundin' the rocks like sledge-hammers, an' clatterin' the shingle like chains"; of "The colour o' laves in the spring wid a thrimble o' mist between." The "qualitie's quare ways" as compared with those of untrained minds is brought out, in "Miss Honor's Wedding," by a comparison of the quiet despair of the bride on her desertion with the manner in which the narrator's friends act on trying occasions:

"When me cousin ran off to inlist,
Troth, the bawls av his mother an' sisthers were fit to ha' frightened the best;
An' last winter when Norah Macabe had heard tell that her sweetheart was dhrowned,
It's her scrames 'ud ha' terrified nations—ye'd hare them a good mile o' ground."

There is a homogeneity in 'Irish Idylls' wanting in the 'Studies.' They have all to do with different phases in the life and characters at Lisconnel, somewhere in the west of Ireland, where "the broad level spreads away and away to the horizon, before and behind and on either hand of you, very sombrely hued, yet less blackavised than more frequented bogs"; where in the distance the finely limned shapes of the mountains "loom up on its borders, much less substantial, apparently, in fabric than so many spirals of blue turf smoke"; where the "Curlew cried plaintively across the bog, a cunning tone-poet, who can set a whole landscape to melancholy in one quick chromatic phrase." We are introduced to and soon become interested in the "O'Driscolls," and "Ody Rafferty," "the widow M'Gurk," "Mrs. Quigley," "The Sheridans," "Herself," "Mad Bell," and other inhabitants of the townland. And we come to learn how much of the milk of human kindness and real gentlemanly feeling—the basis of all that is best in a community—is to be found in the untidy cabins, and half-civilized surroundings, and general through-hitherness of the community described. Infinite pathos is over all. How could any Irishman lay aside such volumes as these without feeling how incumbent upon him are self-restraint and self-forgetfulness—the suppression of passions of race and religion and nationality and party, the unbridled exercise of which, on one side or the other, have brought Ireland to her present condition, and condemned a people, types of which Miss Barlow so vividly brings before us, to a condition in which the worst phases of their character are brought into prominence and their best capabilities stunted or held in abeyance?

We wish these books were, as compared to others before us, of sufficient weight to justify examples at length of the wise wit that strikes us as we turn over the pages. What can be happier than the following?

"She still carried her trouble in both hands, as we do with such things while they are new to us. Afterwards we generally stow them away in the pack which we keep on our shoulders, where they make their weight felt, it is true, but do not hinder us from going, more or less heavily, about our wonted avocations."

Or the following, regarding the mystery of pain and sickness:

"'But there's a many misfortnit crathurs that onless the Devil does his endeavors to keep them alive in their misery, I dunno who would.' 'True for you, ma'am,' said Peter Sheridan again; 'you might say so if you'd whiles feel the life was skivered into your body wid all the sharp ends of aches and pains.'"

But deep questionings regarding "life, death, and that vast forever" do not form the staple of Miss Barlow's chapters. Their rare merit lies in their appreciation and descriptions of Irish peasant character and life. In writing thus truly and kindly of the Irish people, our authoress may, all unconsciously, be doing better work for her country than many of those whose names as patriots are prominently before the world.

International Humor. Edited by W. H. Dircks.—*The Humor of France.* Translated by Elizabeth Lee. *The Humor of Germany.* Translated by Hans Müller-Casenov. *The Humor of Italy.* Translated by A. Werner. Three vols., crown 8vo, illustrated, pp. xxv, 463; xvi, 437; xxxi, 345. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1892.

THE three handsomely illustrated and well-printed books before us are the first of a series of about twelve volumes devoted to the humor of all nations. The conception of the series is original, and it has been, on the whole, carried out successfully. We say the conception is original, for the attempt is made to present the humor of the various nations from a literary standpoint. There have been plenty of jest-books and collections of facetiæ at all times and in all countries; but a careful selection from the humorous literature is rarer, except in the case of English, where we have our own Burton's excellent 'Cyclopædia of Wit and Humor.' The same method as Burton's, on a narrower scale, has been pursued in the series before us, with perhaps a wider chronological range.

The volume on France will best illustrate the editor's plan, and is in some respects the most scholarly and entertaining volume of the series. The book begins with several *fabliaux* of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, followed by Rutebœuf's "The Ass's Last Will and Testament" (thirteenth century), "The Land of Cokaigne" (fourteenth century), "A Confession" by the Monk of Montaudon (erroneously attributed to the fifteenth century, with a query; the author really flourished between 1180-1200. The extract in question is made up of several different poems.) Then come Villon, Rabelais, Basselin, Marot, Despériers, Ronsard, Montaigne, Baïf, and then, with a jump, Voiture, whose famous letter to Mlle. de Bourbon on being tossed in a blanket is here given. The seventeenth century is fairly well represented by Molière (scenes from the "Précieuses Ridicules," "Bourgeois Gentilhomme," "L'Avare," and "Femmes Savantes"), Mme. de Sévigné (letter on Mademoiselle's engagement), La Fontaine, La Bruyère, Régnard, Lesage, and Brueys and Palaprat's version of "L'Avocat Patelin." For the eighteenth century we have Voltaire of course, Gresset (most of whose "Vert-vert" is given), Diderot, Beaumarchais (represented by "The Barber of Seville" alone), Dorat, Chamfort, and Désaugiers. The remaining three hundred pages, about two-thirds of the whole, are devoted to the present century, with too long a list of authors to mention here. We can only say that Béranger, Mürger, Labiche, Daudet, and "Gyp" are fairly well represented, and there are, in addition, aphorisms, proverbs, and newspaper humor, with a biographical index of authors,

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and an introduction on the salient features of French humor.

The volumes on Italy and Germany are conceived in the same spirit, but one is struck by the relatively scanty materials in the early period. The earliest selection in the former volume is from Antonio Pucci (end of the fourteenth century); then follow Boccaccio's story of "Calandrino and the Heliotrope," two stories from Sachetti, one each from Parabosco and Sabadino degli Arienti, and we have reached the sixteenth century (with page 21). The case is worse with Germany, where but one extract, Hugo von Trimberg, "Master Fox, the Confessor," is given before Hans Sachs, and one other from Grimmelshausen brings us down to the end of the eighteenth century (page 12).

On looking over all the volumes, we are impressed with the apparent difficulty of the enterprise. It has been only by giving to the word "humor" the negative definition of "something which is not serious," and obliterating the distinction between wit and humor, that a sufficient amount of material has been obtained to fill the allotted space. There are, to be sure, some omissions: In France, Boileau and Scarron are conspicuous by their absence, and Freytag is missing in Germany; but on the other hand, much is included that can hardly be called humor at all, although from undoubtedly humorous works. This is of course apt to be the case with detached scenes from the drama or extracts from novels.

Although there was no lack of both wit and humor among the ancients (the imitation of whom at the time of the Renaissance, notably in France, gave rise to great fields of humorous literature), still they played no such part either in life or in literature as among the moderns. Indeed, humorous literature as we understand it is of comparatively recent date. The constitution of mediæval society was such that humor assumed almost exclusively the form of wit, and that of the malicious type known as satire. With the Renaissance came in humor, or rather satire became broader, less personal, and more literary, and the burlesque *genre* was created. The great line of modern humorists begins with Rabelais, in whom specific satire is combined with general humor. Since his day the rôle that humor has played in modern life has been enormous and beneficent.

When the other volumes of the series before us are completed, it will be in order to make some comparison between the humor of the various countries; just now we have but the three, and of these France is easily pre-eminent, as she will be until England and Spain enter the field, for, as has been remarked before, the most serious nations of Europe have been the most humorous. Why fate has excepted the Germans from this rule we may not explain, any more than the Scotch imperviousness to humor. There are subtle characteristics of race, which manifest themselves in modes of thought and speech, that are beyond the analysis of the psychologist or anatomist.

A Manual of Physics. By Wm. Peddie. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1892.

MR. PEDDIE'S work is intended, as he states in his preface, to review the elements of the whole subject of physics so as to show the essential unity and interdependence of the various branches. The work accordingly presents what we can only call a series of sketches, more or less complete, but all too brief for students not already familiar with the descriptive part of the subject, and far too incomplete for reference in teaching. It covers a great deal of ground. We have first of all brief chapters on the physical universe and the methods of physical science; then a short sketch of the fundamental principles of the calculus, followed by chapters on mechanics and on the properties and constitution of matter. These are by no means without merit, but still do not give much more than a meagre sketch of subjects which require a far more thorough handling. Chapters on sound, light, heat, electricity, magnetism, and electro-magnetism follow. Of these that on light is much the best. Under this heading we find what we do not remember to have met before in an elementary text-book, namely, some account of the Characteristic Function employed by Sir Wm. Rowan Hamilton in the solution of optical problems. The notice is an extract from the Life of the illustrious author. Under the subject of heat we are sorry to see the pyrometer and hygrometer of Daniell disinterred. They bear about the same relation to modern instruments and methods which the eolipyle of Heron of Alexandria bears to a triple-expansion steam-engine; yet it seems impossible to keep them out of English treatises on physics. The very important subject of the air thermometer is despatched in a single short paragraph. The author mentions Michelson's experiments on the velocity of light, but omits those of Newcomb. A sketch of thermodynamics is given in a brief chapter. The work concludes with a chapter on modern views of the ether.

Life of Voltaire. By Francis Espinasse. [Great Writers.] Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE only justification for this Life of Voltaire is that the series for which it was written would be incomplete without it. It contains nothing new, and has probably been prepared without any original research. It is hardly more than a mere catalogue of the facts of Voltaire's curiously checkered life. Its lack of advocacy and boasting is refreshing in comparison with Parton's superfluity of naughtiness in these directions, and there is something attractive in the clear and colorless style; but those who have read Carlyle's Essay on Voltaire, and the Voltaire episode in "The Valley and Shadow of Frederick," as Mrs. Carlyle called her husband's *opus magnum*, and the Studies of Voltaire by John Morley, and Sir James Fitz James Stephen in his 'Horæ Sabbaticæ,' will wonder how Mr. Espinasse could have been acquainted with such things and after them have written to so little purpose of the spirit and effect of the great heresiarch's life. Those who have not read those better things will make a sad mistake if they remain content with the present representation. There is not sufficient emphasis upon the fact that the "Infamous" which Voltaire would "crush" was not the Christianity of Jesus, but the ecclesiastical dogmatism of the Roman Catholic Church. Mr. Espinasse contends rightly that the theistic belief which Voltaire opposed to the atheism of Diderot and others has not met with due recognition. His creed on page 42 reveals him at his best. The only chapters in which Mr. Espinasse really warms to his subject are those which treat of Voltaire's splendid devotion to the cause of Calas and Sirven and the Chevalier de la Barre, victims of intolerable persecution; and here was no doubt the most valuable and characteristic service of Voltaire to his generation.

There is no exaggeration of his faultier side by his present biographer. "A hardihood of continuous falsehood" in his pseudonymous disguises must be allowed. The funniest was his signing one of his heterodox publications as the Archbishop of Canterbury—a lie unparalleled except by the drunken Sheridan's announcement of himself as William Wilberforce. Voltaire's relations to Mme. du Châtelet are set down without note or comment for what they are worth. The author's disengagement from his subject is nowhere made more obvious than in his resorting to another writer, Du Bois-Reymond, for his final summary. It is, that Voltaire is so little to us at present because the things he fought for, "toleration, spiritual freedom, human dignity, justice," have become, as it were, the air we breathe and do not think of except when we are deprived of it.

La Restauration Impériale au Japon. Par le Vice-Amiral Layrle. Paris: Armand Colin & Cie.

THE writer of this readable compilation is a French naval officer who served in Japan waters in 1863 under Rear-Admiral Jaurès, and again in 1887 as chief of the French fleet. The book is dated by neither author nor publisher, and, despite a foot-note or two about minor events in 1891, in the final chapter, the latest view of things in general is that of the year 1887. The author has not read very widely or profoundly in the authorities treating of either Old or New Japan. He naïvely imagines that, "in the country itself, those most interested have for their guidance only a brochure published in 1876, the 'Kinsé Shiriaku'" (brief history). His chief authority for the history of Japan before 1868 is an American author, whose name he, almost as a French matter of course, misspells. His judgment, also, about the author of the 'Kinsé Shiriaku' is wofully at fault. Despite its incompleteness and inaccuracy as to the foreigner's doings, its candor and judicial fairness are remarkable. Further, there is a very creditable vernacular library of scholarly and sufficiently impartial works treating of the civil war of 1868–70, of which the compiler does not seem to know. For the events after the Restoration, his chief if not entire reliance, apart from information derived in conversations with the official men of New Japan, has been obtained from Mounsey's 'The Satsuma Rebellion' (title misspelled) and the French and English blue-books. Evidently, for this reason, the notable action of the United States steamer *Wyoming* in engaging the batteries at Shimonoséki and sinking the hostile steamers of Choshiu is merely alluded to. Apart from these defects, the reader who would enjoy a résumé of the movement of events in the twenty years from 1867 to 1887, with bright and lively comment on the life in imperial and constitutional Japan, will welcome this handy monograph. The best part of this naval officer's work is his brilliant description of the strategy, tactics, and personality of the great Saigo, who, though he led the Satsuma rebellion of 1877, was, at the promulgation of the Constitution in 1889, officially condoned and glorified with remarkable posthumous honors.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Barrett, C. R. B. Essex: Highways, Byways and Waterways. Second series. Illustrated. London: Lawrence & Bullen.
Bernhardt, W. Es war einmal: Modern Fairy Tales for Beginners in German. Boston: Schoenhof. 75 cents.
Bourget, Paul. Love's Cruel Enigma. Waverly Co. 50 cents.
Brands, O. M., and Van Gieson, H. C. An Academic Physiology and Hygiene. Leach, Shewell & Sanborn. $1.
Burrows, Prof. Montagu. Commentaries on the History of England. London: Blackwood & Sons.
Coxe, Rev. A. C. Holy Writ and Modern Thought. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.

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Crawford, F. M. A Roman Singer. Macmillan. $1.
Ford, I. N. Tropical America. Illustrated. Scribners. $2.
Foss, S. W. Back Country Poems. Boston: Potter Publishing Co. $1.50.
Growoll, A. The Profession of Bookselling. Part I. *Publishers' Weekly.*
Hudson, W. M. Idle Days in Patagonia. Appletons.
Mitchell, R. M. The Safe Side: A Theistic Refutation of the Divinity of Christ. The Author.
Pater, Walter. Plato and Platonism. Macmillan. $1.75.
Rondelle, Louis. Foil and Sabre: A Grammar of Fencing. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. $3.50.
Ross, Janet. Three Generations of English Women. New, revised and enlarged ed. London: T. Fisher Unwin; New York: Putnams. $2.
Rowbotham, J. F. The Private Life of the Great Composers. Whittaker. $2.
Russell, W. C. List, Ye Landsmen! Cassell. $1.
Saint-Amand, Imbert de. The Duchess of Berry and the Revolution of 1830. Scribners. $1.25.
Schobert, Paul. The Flower Girl of Paris. Rand, McNally & Co.
Symonds, J. A. In the Key of Blue, and Other Prose Essays. London: Elkin Mathews & John Lane; New York: Macmillan. $3.50.
Thayer, Prof. J. H. Books and their Use. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 75 cents.
Theuriet, André. La Chanoinesse. 1789-1793. Paris: Armand Colin & Cie.
Winter, Mrs. Elizabeth C. The Spanish Treasure. Robert Bonner's Sons. $1.
Wright, Prof. Joseph. A Grammar of the Dialect of Windhill in the West Riding of Yorkshire, London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.

MARCH
EDUCATIONAL REVIEW.

ARTICLES—The Proposed University for London, J. G. Fitch; Educational Exhibits at World's Fairs, II., Richard Waterman, Jr.; Public School Pioneering, George H. Martin; Educational Value of the Methods of Science, William T. Sedgwick; Tests of the Senses and Faculties, James McKeen Cattell; Life in a French Lycée, Georges Jamin.
EDUCATION IN FOREIGN PERIODICALS—Rousseau's Theory of Education, A. E. Street.
DISCUSSIONS—Admission to College by Certificate, James H. Canfield, O. M. Fernald.
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